

SPORT

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AUG. 60¢

**Bobby
Murcer:
Lost
On
A
\$100,000 Turf?**

**Genius or Goat:
The Man Who
Fired John Unitas...
and Matte...and Curry...**

**The Poor Man's
Joe Namath**

**U.S. Olympic House:
Castle Under Siege**



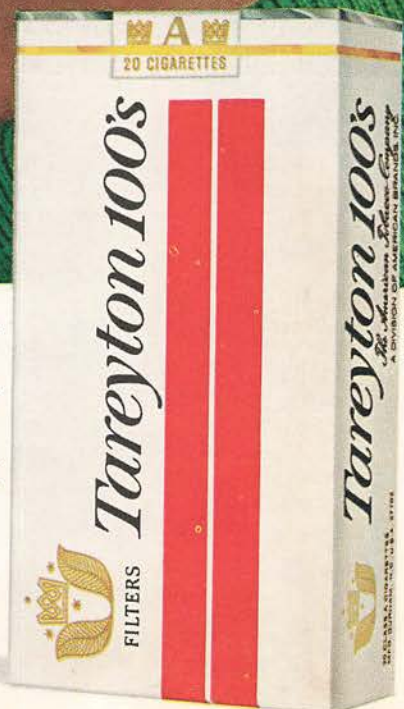
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Smaller engines, front drive seen as fuel gets shorter

—Automotive News, April 23, 1973 (pg. 18)



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SPORT

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Bobby Murcer KEVIN FITZGERALD

Government report proves Datsun saves.

The government's Environmental Protection Agency has run gas mileage tests on all domestic and imported cars sold in the U.S. The tests simulated typical urban driving, and the Datsun 1200 delivered the highest mileage of all.

To dramatize this economy, we drove a Datsun 1200 from Los Angeles to New York. We say the car gets around 30 miles per gallon, but in this case we were wrong. Without special tuning or special equipment, we got nearly 38. We spent less than \$30 for gas, coast to coast!

With the energy crisis making headlines every day, good gas mileage is more important than ever. That's why the Datsun 1200 makes so much good sense. It's the best way we know to save money without giving up the fun of driving!



**DATSUN
SAVES**

AUGUST THIS MONTH IN SPORT



DON FREEMAN

Don Freeman, who authored our story this month on John Hadl, works in San Diego (which Hadl has done for the past 11 seasons), but writes mostly about people who work in Los Angeles (which Hadl will start doing this fall). Freeman's usual beat is the world of radio and television, which he has been covering for the San Diego *Union* for 20 years. His radio-TV column is now widely syndicated.

But Freeman is no stranger to sports events. A Canadian, he went from Winnipeg to Northwestern University to a sportswriting job on the Chicago *Tribune*. He has always kept an eye on sports—it would be impossible for him not to, considering the amount of time he spends in front of the TV set—and he has contributed to *SPORT* before.

Freeman finds himself facing a real conflict this fall: How is he going to react when he sees the Los Angeles Rams, whom he has learned to loathe—

with John Hadl, whom he has learned to cheer, at quarterback—playing against his team, the Chargers?

Freeman's solution is the logical one: He will root for John Hadl to play very well—and lose.

The source of our story on caddies ("On Tour With Arnie, Jack, Creamy & Angelo") is a young touring caddie named Paul Slagle, who, before he hooked up with real golfers, used to caddie for me.

Slagle tells me that one of the things he's learned on the tour is how to read a roar. From a distance, he can tell a birdie roar from an eagle roar, a Palmer roar from a Nicklaus roar. He bet a fellow caddie out in San Diego that a roar they'd just heard was a hole-in-one roar. He was right: Rod Curl had sunk an ace.

But Paul says the strangest roar he's heard all year came at Greensboro. "That's a Palmer roar," Slagle said to himself, at the time, "but it's not a birdie roar or a chip-in roar or a long-putt roar. I can't quite figure it out." What had happened was that Arnie had fallen into a creek.

Lance Rentzel of the Los Angeles Rams, the handsome, charming and talented wide receiver, joins the ranks of *SPORT* contributors this month. Lance has suffered through emotional problems and legal problems, but his story for us touches upon neither. Rather, it concerns a friend of his, and a potential rival: Dino Martin, who would like to be a pro football player.

The grass is always greener, of course, and Lance, who is a pro football player, would like to be a fulltime professional writer. He already has turned out his autobiography and a regular Los Angeles newspaper column, and he is now at work on a novel.

If Rentzel's novel comes out as well as one written by another onetime wide receiver—Pete Gent—Lance will be in good shape. We'll have an excerpt from Gent's *North Dallas Forty* in *SPORT* next month.

Dick Schaap

SPORT



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MVPs REED, MCGINNIS & COURNOYER: THREE CHEERS & THREE CHARGERS

When the New York Knicks opened a commanding lead over Los Angeles in the fifth, and final, game of the NBA championship series, **SPORT** began polling sportswriters covering the game to get their preferences for the Most Valuable Player Award. The first five writers each named a different Knick.

Rarely in the history of **SPORT**'s MVP Awards in baseball, football, basketball and hockey had there been such a difficult selection. Rarely in the history of sport had there been such a team victory as the Knicks'. Going into the final game, Willis Reed, Dave DeBusschere, Walt Frazier, Bill Bradley, Earl Monroe and Phil Jackson all had a shot at MVP, and the handsome Dodge Charger that goes with it.

In the end, the award went to Reed, primarily because he personified the Knicks; he was their captain and, as such, the man responsible for their remarkable on-court



Indiana's George McGinnis and Montreal's Yvan Cournoyer peek out of a Dodge Charger, the prize for their MVP play.

WHY IS THE BRASS MONKEY STILL IN HIDING?

New inquiries suggest some nasty realities in the story behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

On a foggy night in Macao in 1942, a name was whispered into the darkness. "Rasske! H.E. Rasske!"

Was this simply the cover name of an Allied spy—code-named the Brass Monkey? Or, was it also the alias of a Japanese agent?

Lately, some of our mail has suggested a startling new theory to resolve the contradictions in the Brass Monkey legend. Is it possible that Admiral Kokura, head of Kempeitai Counterespionage, and H.E. Rasske were both double agents—and that each was protecting the other?

The Story As Originally Told.



The "facts" as leaked so far, revolve around a notorious club allegedly operated in the port of Macao. A small brass figurine squatting in a niche at the door gave the place its name, and the sunshine yellow drink they served, its renown. Both were known as the Brass Monkey.

We are asked to assume, perhaps too conveniently, that only our operatives knew that the drink was the key to a spy. That by scratching out the words, "No Evil" from the coaster under the Brass Monkey cocktail, then eliminating every letter from "The Brass Monkey" that didn't match those in "See, Hear, Speak," the name of the contact—H.E. Rasske—would be revealed.

Secrets of a Bar-Girl.

Is it possible that none of these coasters got into the wrong hands: even though members of the Kempeitai no doubt infested the place? Surely they pumped every likely employee for information, especially the club's bar-girls. These girls routinely tempered their own intake of liquor by mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Even with this stratagem, is it possible that none of these girls, however innocently, ever let slip a single piece of information? Or, that all of them successfully resisted the temptation to sell out? Possible, but unlikely.

Incriminating Evidence?

How then was the Brass Monkey spy ring able to perform so cavalierly right under the nose of the enemy? Surely, it was more than dumb luck.

Kokura was quoted as saying, "The Brass Monkey is worth two aircraft carriers in the Coral Sea." Was this ambiguous remark a guarded admission that Rasske was more valuable to Japan alive than dead? Or, was his value to Kokura himself?

That would solve the riddle of the all-too-accommodating suicide of the Macao Kempeitai section chief and the closing of the Club itself at about the same time. Both events could have been engineered to cover Kokura, if the section chief was about to

un-mask him as a double-agent.

Behind the Mask.

The possibility that the Brass Monkey himself was "doubling" (with headquarters' approval, of course) is too logical to discount. But why is the Brass Monkey still in hiding? Has he secrets still too dangerous to divulge? Does a former Japanese admiral still vow revenge for his betrayal? Or, could certain of Rasske's own ex-functionaries believe to this day that he deceived them?

Will the Brass Monkey ever show his face again? We don't know. Mr. H.E. Rasske, if that really is your name—will you?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. If you've got a long evening ahead of you, try mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Especially if you have your own secrets to keep.

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS



THREE CHARGERS

CONTINUED

unity. (Off-court, coach Red Holzman molded the club, and if the award did not specify Most Valuable Player, he probably would have collected the Charger.)

Reed was a symbol of the Knicks—and much more. In the final round—and the MVP Award is based strictly on the final best-of-seven—Reed averaged 16.4 points a game, far above his regular season average, and, for the most part, made Wilt Chamberlain as inconspicuous as a seven-footer can be.

The other two springtime MVP selections were considerably easier. For the first time, SPORT presented a Dodge Charger to the star of the ABA championship series, and just as the series came down to a seventh game between Indiana and

Kentucky, the MVP contest came down to a duel between a pair of magnificent pro sophomores, Indiana's George McGinnis and Kentucky's Artis Gilmore. Indiana won the game, and McGinnis the award. He averaged 40 minutes a game, 14 rebounds and 22.3 points.

In the NHL, Yvan Cournoyer became the Montreal Canadiens' second MVP in the third year of the award. Cournoyer set a Stanley Cup record with 15 goals in 17 games, and six of those goals came in the six-game final against Chicago.

When Reed collected his Charger, he attracted the largest crowd ever to attend a SPORT MVP luncheon, even surpassing the mob Joe Namath drew after the 1969 Super Bowl. (Namath is still the champion

draw if you count the teenaged girls who waited outside the restaurant.) The Mayor of New York, John V. Lindsay, showed up to honor Reed; he was introduced by writer-commentator Jimmy Breslin, who called Lindsay the tallest mayor in the history of the city. Lindsay responded by calling Breslin the widest commentator in the history of the city.

McGinnis, at six-eight, and Cournoyer, nearly a foot shorter, were honored simultaneously. McGinnis was pleased to add the Charger to his stable of automobiles—including a Jaguar, a camper and a Cadillac—and Cournoyer created a stir by saying that he disapproved of the forthcoming NHL-Russian hockey series. Cournoyer felt the series would disrupt the season. "The hell about the Russians," was the way Cournoyer put it, in his pleasing French-Canadian accent. ■

The Mayor of New York City (below, left) was lucky he wasn't up for re-election. Reed would have beaten him.



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SPORT TALK

EDITED BY GENE SHALIT

Television finally got around to a salute for Howard Cosell—the kind of salute with four fingers lined up along the forehead and the thumb on the nose. But also a smile on the face, because it was a charity event for Multiple Sclerosis. It was a lampoon of an evening proving that humor is alive and kicking—primarily Cosell's shins.

David Steinberg was the host at the post, and he was hilarious introducing the jocks (Don Meredith), the frocks (Dr. Joyce Brothers), and the Foxx (Redd). "Since you are what you eat," Redd Foxx explained, "Howard must be eating garbage." Later Redd said: "I heard of an experiment where they played Howard's voice in a laboratory. They played it to a rat to see what would happen. After 15 minutes, the rat built an electric chair and electrocuted himself."

Then Muhammad Ali came out jabbing: "He don't make the same mistake twice. He makes so many of them that he doesn't have time. Howard's wife told me he wanted to be a fighter, but they couldn't find a mouthpiece big enough. They are making a Howard Cosell doll: You don't have to wind it up and it talks anyhow."

My favorite one-liner came from Dr. Brothers. "At the age of 12," she said, "Howard was punched in the nose by Dale Carnegie."

Howard was right there on ABC, of course, reveling in it. When it was all over, he said: "You've all been throwing spitballs at a battleship."

All of this came to the attention of Marvin Kitman. Marvin is the syndicated television columnist, so he had his set turned on. He wrote:

"It's a shame that so few of his

closest friends in the world of show biz and sport really appreciate how important Howard's talent is. He has made a name for himself in sports. But his real strength is as a lawyer and investigator."

Kitman then proposed that Howard Cosell be assigned to Washington to cover super events like Watergate I. Kitman speculates: "Can you imagine what it would be like if the politicians had to face Cosell on their way to the locker room?"

Scenario:

Cosell: "This was a big one this morning, Mr. President (or whoever the witness is). All eyes were on you. And wouldn't you have to admit that you blew it this time?"

Answer: "Well, I want to make this perfectly clear, Howard. It's a free country and every newsman is entitled to his opinion."

Cosell: "Let's not be coy about this, Dashing Dick. [Puts arm around witness's shoulder.] You showed the nation some fancy footwork early in the questioning. But I'm sure you'd like to use this time to tell the people that you were a disgrace to your profession."

Conceding that even Howard Cosell might not be able to end the confusion



Redd Foxx: "Since you are what you eat, Howard Cosell must be eating garbage."



Joyce Brothers: "At the age of 12, Howard was punched in the nose by Dale Carnegie."



Muhammad Ali: "You don't wind up the Cosell doll, and it talks anyway."



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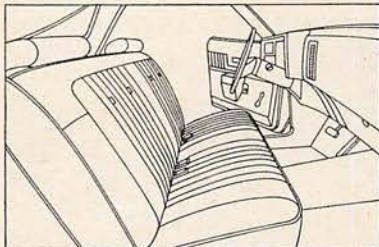
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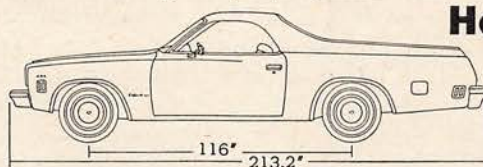
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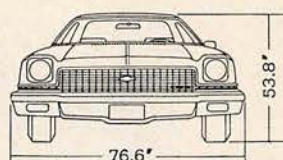
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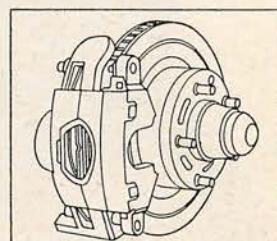
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**SPORT
TALK**

CONTINUED

in Washington, Kitman insists we are wasting journalism's secret weapon by keeping Howard in sports. Everyone who wants to send Howard to Washington, write me a letter. Look, if worst comes to worst, he could always cover the Padres.

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, HIRE 'EM

At age 26, Dick Myers was the NFL's Coordinator of Player Personnel. Never mind the title: His duties mattered. Dick was responsible for keeping tabs of the football league's complicated waivers, move list, contract intricacies, and the college draft. It was said that Myers was the only man in pro football who understood the maze of procedures of roster maintenance. He kept a copy of the league's constitution on top of the desk in his 410 Park Avenue office, and he handled phone calls almost every day from general managers around the league who wanted him to explain some nuance of a rule or procedure.

Last season, Myers took his boldest

action on the job. While checking through the records, he discovered that George Allen had gone around the league's end and was out of bounds. Allen had traded away a single 1972 second-round draft choice twice—in acquiring Verlon Biggs from the Jets in June 1971, and Rich Petitbon from the Rams two months later, in August. Myers also uncovered the fact that Allen had traded a single 1972 fourth-round draft choice twice in landing Speedy Duncan from San Diego and Ron McDole from Buffalo, both in May of 1971.

Myers said that these mistakes were the inevitable results of Allen's unprecedented wheeling and dealing, and that George didn't even know he was out of bounds, so he kept running. Myers explained:

"These deals were made right at the time that I was replacing Peter Hadhazy as the league's Player Personnel Director. Hadhazy was moving on to join the New England Patriots. It slipped by us only because we were in a transitional period."

Open stance, closed stance or in-between, Hank Aaron gets the ball out of the park.



None of the parties involved picked up the mistake until Myers was preparing for the 1972 draft—when the traded choices were to take effect. The Redskins reportedly were fined \$5000 for the mixup.

After the 1972 season, when the Redskins went to the Super Bowl for the first time, Joe Sullivan, Allen's assistant in charge of personnel, left the club. Sullivan became director of operations for the St. Louis Cardinals. Allen needed a new administrative assistant, so who do you think Allen went out and hired? Correct: The young man who had embarrassingly found his mistake, Dick Myers.

At 27, Myers was to take charge of personnel for Allen, a man who built his reputation on a demand for experience. But Allen is crafty. He knows that there is no one else around who really knows the convoluted player movement system.

Now Allen is up to the minute on all league rules and procedures. He has an assistant who has been dealing officially with all of the personnel men around the league for two years. Myers always knew what deals were being contemplated and what players were available. He still knows. So does Allen.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR (Schaap to Shalit)

At lunch the other day, I chanced to sit next to Bud Harrelson, who told me the following, which you might want to use in SPORTTalk or even to demonstrate your expertise on the tube.

Seems that Henry Aaron (who has a business agent in common with Harrelson—and very little else) has made a film on the art of hitting. In the film, Aaron is explaining the difference between a closed and open stance, which, as you know, is the following: Closed stance, left foot (for righthanded hitter) is closer to the plate than the right foot; open stance (a la Campanella), right foot is closer to the plate than left. . . . Only that ain't what Aaron says on the film. He explains that a closed stance is when the feet are close together and an open stance is when the feet are spread apart. Harrelson told this little story, then added, mock-triumphantly, "See, I know more about hitting than Henry

Aaron does." Harrelson, as I'm sure you know, needs only 712 more home runs to break Babe Ruth's lifetime record, which proves what a significant part the cerebrum plays in the art of hitting.

SHALIT'S SPORT SHORTS

Book title of the year: *Wilt: Just Like Any Other 7-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door*. David Shaw wrote it with Chamberlain. You auto (ho ho) read this paragraph from the book (being published by Macmillan).

"While I was playing with Connie [Hawkins] and Guy Rodgers and Chink Scott and some of those other guys in Rucker games that summer, my Bentley was being shipped over here from Europe so I could drive it to San Francisco. I really dig that car, but a lot of my black friends, particularly around Harlem, didn't think much of it then. They'd say things like, 'Man you can buy three or four Eldorados for what that cost you, Wilt.' But I thought it was a class car, and I'd never been all that comfortable in my Eldorado. In places like Harlem, pimps drive the Eldorados, and I always had this uneasy feeling that anytime I saw a fine looking chick . . . she'd figure I must be a pimp, too. *I still have a Cadillac, but it's mostly for friends and house guests to use. If I'm going some place where I don't want to drive my Bentley or my Maserati, I'll use the Dodge station wagon I got from Sport Magazine.*"

Since Ken Dryden popularized the sport as an undergraduate, hockey has become very popular at Cornell and a tremendous club hockey program has developed. The caliber of play is not very high, but the amount of wit shown in the naming of the teams is tremendous. The finalists in this year's club hockey tournament were the Wilkinson Blades and the Mother Puckers. . . . Or vice versa. . . .

When Ernie DiGregorio played against the Russians, he found them hard competitors—and hard drinkers as well. "They drink this Russian vodka all the time," said Ernie D., "and man is it strong! They drink it after every game, just like we drink beer. I asked Ivan Edeshko, one of their big men, if he wanted some beer. He started to giggle and said, 'No, beer make me fat cat.'"

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DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

EARLE COMBS?



Of the last four men to stake a claim on center field at Yankee Stadium, only one ever collected so many as 231 hits in a single season. His name was Earle Combs, and for 12 seasons, before Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle and Bobby Murcer put their \$100,000 stamp on the territory (see page 38), Combs covered center field for the Yankees. He compiled a lifetime batting average of .325—a figure later matched by DiMaggio—and the most he ever got paid was \$13,500 for a season.

"I think the salaries of all athletes are too high now," says Combs, who is 74 and lives on his farm in Richmond, Kentucky. "But I don't envy today's players one bit. I made enough money from baseball to live out my lifetime, and that's all anyone can ask."

Combs played for the Yankees from 1924 through 1935, and most of the time he was positioned in the field between Babe Ruth and Bob Meusel. He was the Yanks' leadoff man; he choked up high on his bat and sprayed the ball.

"They used to say if you hit home runs, you drove a Cadillac, and if you

hit singles, you drove a Ford. Well, choking up was the way I hit best, so I had to settle for a Ford."

In 1927, the year Babe Ruth hit his 60 home runs, Earle Combs got a perfect view of most of the Babe's blasts. He seemed to be on base most of the time. He finished the season with 231 hits and a batting average of .356. That was the year the Yanks as a team batted .307, won 110 games and beat Pittsburgh four straight in the World Series. The 1927 Yankees are generally recognized as the greatest baseball team of all time.

"There have been a lot of teams since then that have had as much talent as we had," Combs says, "but every man on our team had a great year at the same time. That's what made us the best. It was largely coincidental."

Combs, who coached for the Yankees and Red Sox for 18 seasons, doesn't put himself in the slugging league of DiMaggio, Mantle or Murcer. Among today's ballplayers, he likens himself to Pete Rose. "He gives it all he has all the time," says Combs. "And that's the way I played the game."

INSIDE BY ALLAN ROTH FACTS

When baseball's best hitters and pitchers get together these days at the annual July All-Star Game, the pitchers usually dominate the action, helped considerably by almost flawless defensive play. . . . In the last ten games, of which the National League has won nine, the composite batting average has been only .216 (.218 by the NL and .213 by AL). . . . NL teams have outscored the AL by a 45 to 30 margin in the ten contests, and NL pitchers have compiled a 2.61 ERA, compared to 3.75 for AL hurlers.

There have been many outstanding pitching performances in All-Star Game history, none of them topping Juan Marichal's lifetime record. . . . He has

pitched in eight games in the last 11 years and he was scored on in only one of the games, his second (the second game in 1962). . . . He has a current streak of 14 consecutive scoreless innings in All-Star Games (a record), and in his 18 innings, he has allowed only two runs, one earned (0.50 ERA), and seven hits. . . . Jim Palmer, the only pitcher who has worked in each of the last three games, has allowed no runs, three hits in his eight innings. . . . Tom Seaver has been in three games, allowing no runs, three hits in six innings, with ten strikeouts, one walk.

The strong pitching in recent years has been helped by exceptionally steady defense, with NL teams putting together a remarkable streak. . . . Starting with the 1963 game, NL clubs have played ten consecutive errorless games, covering a total of exactly 100 innings (four of the games went into extra-innings). . . . AL teams have also played

well defensively, making a total of only five errors in the last ten games. . . . In only one of the games was there more than one error, in 1969, when Rico Petrocelli and Frank Howard were charged with misplays. . . . The last three games have been errorless.

More than one-half of all the runs scored in the last ten All-Star Games crossed the plate as a result of home runs (39 of the total of 75 runs, or 52 percent). . . . There have been 25 homers in the ten games, 16 by the NL and nine by the AL. . . . During this period only four players have hit more than one home run—Hank Aaron (1971 and 1972), Johnny Bench (1969 and 1971), Harmon Killebrew (1965 and 1971) and Willie McCovey (two in 1969). . . . Killebrew, who also hit a home run in the first 1961 game, and Willie Mays lead all active players in lifetime All-Star home runs, each with three (Mays' last one was in 1965).

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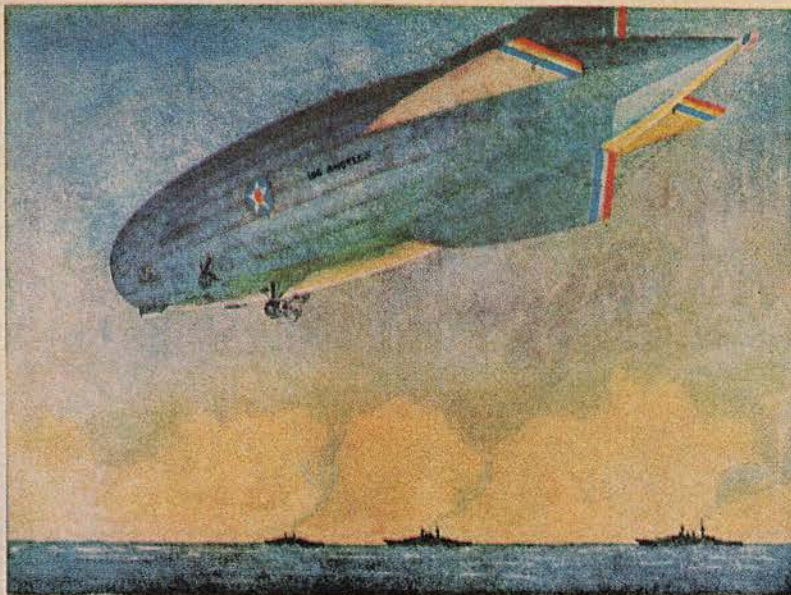
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In 1931, Navy flying offered an exciting new way to get away and see the world.

Today, young men and women still join the Navy to seek adventure in distant lands. But whether it's in Naval Aviation or any other branch of the Navy, when you join today, you get your chance to succeed.



This Navy poster originally appeared in 1931. For a free full-color reproduction, stop by your local Navy recruiter's office. No obligation, of course.

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And you become part of a top-notch team of Navy pros.

If you qualify, the new Navy has over 300 jobs that can help you get ahead. Three hundred active, interesting jobs made to order for people who want to succeed, who want to work, and want to go places fast. They're the kind of jobs that keep your head busy, that keep your muscles in shape, that you can really get involved in. Like aviation mechanics, weather predicting, even plumbing and sheet-metal work. You get training for the kind of job that gives you somewhere to go while you're in the

Navy, and later, if you decide to leave.

But there are other reasons for joining the new Navy. Like travel. Join the Navy and see the world is truer today than ever. And you'll be traveling in style. Our famous bell bottoms are now being updated by the handsome new uniform on the two men at the far right. Like money. More than \$340 a month after just four months makes you the best-paid sailor in history... plus one of the best retirement plans in the world and other fringe benefits. Like people. Making life-long friendships is one Navy tradition that will never change.

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14-16 EXCELLENT
11-13 VERY GOOD
8-10 FAIR

1. He had the best season batting average in the major leagues in the past ten years.

- a. Rico Carty
- b. Frank Robinson
- c. Roberto Clemente

2. Which baseball manager holds the record for the most consecutive pennant victories?

- a. Walter Alston
- b. Connie Mack
- c. Casey Stengel

3. In which race did Canonero II lose his bid for the triple crown in 1971?

- a. Kentucky Derby
- b. Belmont Stakes
- c. Preakness

4. He led the major leagues in relief appearances during the 1972 season.

- a. Paul Linblad

- b. Sparky Lyle
- c. Clay Carroll

5. True or False: The Pittsburgh Pirates had the best winning percentage in the major leagues in 1972.

6. Which team led the major leagues in stolen bases in 1972?

- a. Oakland
- b. Cincinnati
- c. Atlanta

7. This National League pitcher lost the most games (21) during the 1972 season.



- a. Joe Hoerner
- b. Steve Arlin
- c. Juan Marichal

8. He set a National Hockey League record by scoring 25 points in the 1973 Stanley Cup finals.

- a. Yvan Courmoyer
- b. Henry Richard
- c. Jacques Lemaire

9. He was the National Basketball Association Rookie of the Year for the 1972-1973 season.

- a. Kevin Porter
- b. Paul Westphal
- c. Robert McAdoo

10. This player led the NBA in the most minutes played during the 1972-1973 season.

- a. Walt Frazier
- b. Nate Archibald
- c. Wilt Chamberlain

11. Which one of these receivers holds the National Football League record for the most career touchdown receptions?

- a. Don Hutson
- b. Don Maynard
- c. Lance Alworth

12. In 1972, who was the NFL kickoff return champion with a 30.8 average for the year?

- a. Bruce Laird
- b. Chris Farasopoulos
- c. Ron Smith

13. This player led the National Football Conference in most points after touchdown, hitting a perfect 44 in 44 attempts, in 1972.

- a. Bobby Howfield
- b. Chester Marcol
- c. George Blanda

14. Match these current ABA players with the universities they attended.

Julius Erving	Purdue
Dan Issel	Dayton
Roger Brown	Kentucky
Bill Keller	Massachusetts

15. Which golfer holds the record for winning the U.S. Open three consecutive times?

- a. Jack Nicklaus
- b. Ben Hogan
- c. Willie Anderson

16. He became the World Hockey Association's first scoring leader with 124 points last season.

- a. Andre LaCroix
- b. Ron Ward
- c. Bobby Hull

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 96

**What makes
Mustang different
is the way
it looks, handles,
and makes you feel.**



Mustang options, many of which are shown on the Grandé model above, include automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM-FM stereo radio, power front disc brakes, white sidewall tires, steel-belted radial-ply tires, and more.



From top: Mustang Hardtop, Convertible, Mach I.



This luxurious Grandé interior is shown with optional arm rest/storage compartment.

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The skills you acquire through this unique program can help you earn extra money—or start a business of your own in color TV servicing. We've helped thousands of people start new careers or businesses of their own in electronics.

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To make sure you get practical experience with instruments used daily by professionals, we've integrated into your program three precision instruments you assemble yourself and keep: a Design Console, an Oscilloscope and a Transistorized Meter. (See details at right.)

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20 LITTLE CIGARS.

Winchester. It's a whole 'nother smoke.

PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA



I see by *The Sporting News* that the summer baseball camps for boys are still thriving. "Sho-Me Baseball Camp, Branson, Missouri," reads one of the ads, stuck there on a back page. "Play the equivalent of three baseball seasons in one summer at camp. . . . Where boys 8-18 get a head start toward stardom with their local league, high school or college baseball team. . . . Great food, excellent instruction." The very presence of 11 such ads on one tabloid page enhances the idea that kids still want to play baseball these days. They still are interested in what was once clearly America's most popular sport despite the attacks baseball is now undergoing from some of the nation's media personalities.

Oh, sure, some parents use the camps as specialized baby-sitting services during the summer—that's all right, they could dump the brat at grandmother's while they cavort at Waikiki—but in general I see the summer baseball camp as a wholesome diversion for a kid even remotely interested in the game. You don't have to have major league, or even high school or college baseball, aspirations to get pleasure out of a full summer of learning and playing the game.

But I had such aspirations. Baseball had become my life, my *raison d'être*, by the time I was 12 years old. The only thing on my mind, until I reached drinking age, was becoming a major-league baseball player. I walked to school squeezing a tennis ball, building up the forearms. I swung a leaded Jackie Robinson bat in front of a mirror in my room, perfecting my swing. I carved out a rocky sliding pit beside the house, painfully developing a jazzy hook slide. "A man can do any-

thing he wants to do," my old man would say, "if he wants to do it bad enough." I swallowed the whole thing.

Then, the winter of my 15th birthday, I saw an ad for the Ozark Baseball Camp in *The Sporting News*. It promised top instruction by former big-league players, at a reasonable cost—something like \$90 for each three-week session, room and board included—and I eschewed playing for the high-school team that spring so I could continue carrying newspapers and put away my money for the summer. The camp was held in the midst of a state park in Missouri's southern Ozarks—trout streams, redwood cabins, wooded trails, the whole bit—and on the first day of summer vacation my folks piled me into the car, along with another kid from town who had also signed up, and off we went on the great adventure.

That is how I spent my next four summers—three of them at Ozark and another at a place called the Big State Baseball Camp, deep in the heart of Texas—and they were wonderful days. Cold milk, string beans, corn-on-the-cob. Infield and batting practice in the broiling Ozark sun, beginning at 9 a.m. and ending sometimes, at dusk. Going into nearby Salem, Missouri, to play a Fourth of July doubleheader with the town yahoos. Away from home for the first time, that initial summer, I look away memories that are still vivid. It was my Summer of '51.

The absolute highlight of it all, of my entire summer baseball camp experience, was the appearance one summer of Tyrus Raymond Cobb as "guest instructor." This is the hooker in all the camps' promotions—advertising some past or present star as a guest coach—and in many cases, the star passes

through between airplane connections to say a few words and sign autographs. With Ty Cobb, this particular summer, it was different. He was 65 then, a mellow and tired old man who had been perhaps the greatest baseball player of all time, and from the first moment he was introduced to all of the kids, he became a wise grandfather to us all. "Mr. Cobb is tired, now, so don't bother him with too many questions," we were told privately after the formal introduction.

If we can believe in our sports legends, Ty Cobb was hell on wheels as a young man, but I can only remember him as the legend turned out to pasture. The old man seemed to genuinely enjoy hanging around a gaggle of kids each night at dusk, sitting on the steps to the dining hall and regaling us with stories about the beanball fights and the sharpening of spikes and the other vendettas which had punctuated his career. I loved him, and I hurt when I read he died in 1961, all alone, in the hospital at little Royston, Georgia.

What is still the most singular memory in my abortive baseball career occurred toward the end of the second week Cobb spent at the Ozark Baseball Camp. We had played an intrasquad game and now, at dusk, we were trekking off to our cottages to clean up for dinner. Shyly, I approached Cobb as he walked across the infield, and I worked up the courage to ask him about sliding. "How do you do it?" he asked. I tried an impromptu hook slide into third base. There were only the two of us. "This used to work pretty good for me," he said. Suddenly Ty Cobb, age 65, wearing khaki work trousers and sneakers and a white OZARK BASEBALL CAMP T-shirt, was backing up and making a quick ten-foot run and viciously tearing into the bag with a sharp *whump*. I have a lot of books with old pictures of him in his prime, but the thing I remember most about Ty Cobb is the brief flicker of greed and hatred in his eyes that moment when he triumphantly sat sprawled in the Ozark dust—safe at *third*—trying to remember, before it was too late. He probably learned more that summer at the Ozark Baseball Camp than any of us.

JODY SCHECKTER IS ALLOVER THE TRACK

BY DEKE HOULGATE

"Jody Scheckter gets around a race track quicker than anybody I've ever seen. He's incredibly quick. He drives as though there's nobody else on the course."

—David Hobbs
British Driver

If you want to see a classic racing driver, a man in complete and smooth control of his machine, a man who drifts through turns with symmetrical efficiency, then, by all

means, don't watch Jody Scheckter.

Jody Scheckter is a 23-year-old South African with curly black hair and at least a passing resemblance to Dustin Hoffman. He also drives the way you might expect Hoffman to drive, if Hoffman were doing his own chase scene.

Scheckter slithers through turns, fishtailing, sometimes going sideways, seemingly half out of control. He complements this technique with a darting, shuddering method of ap-

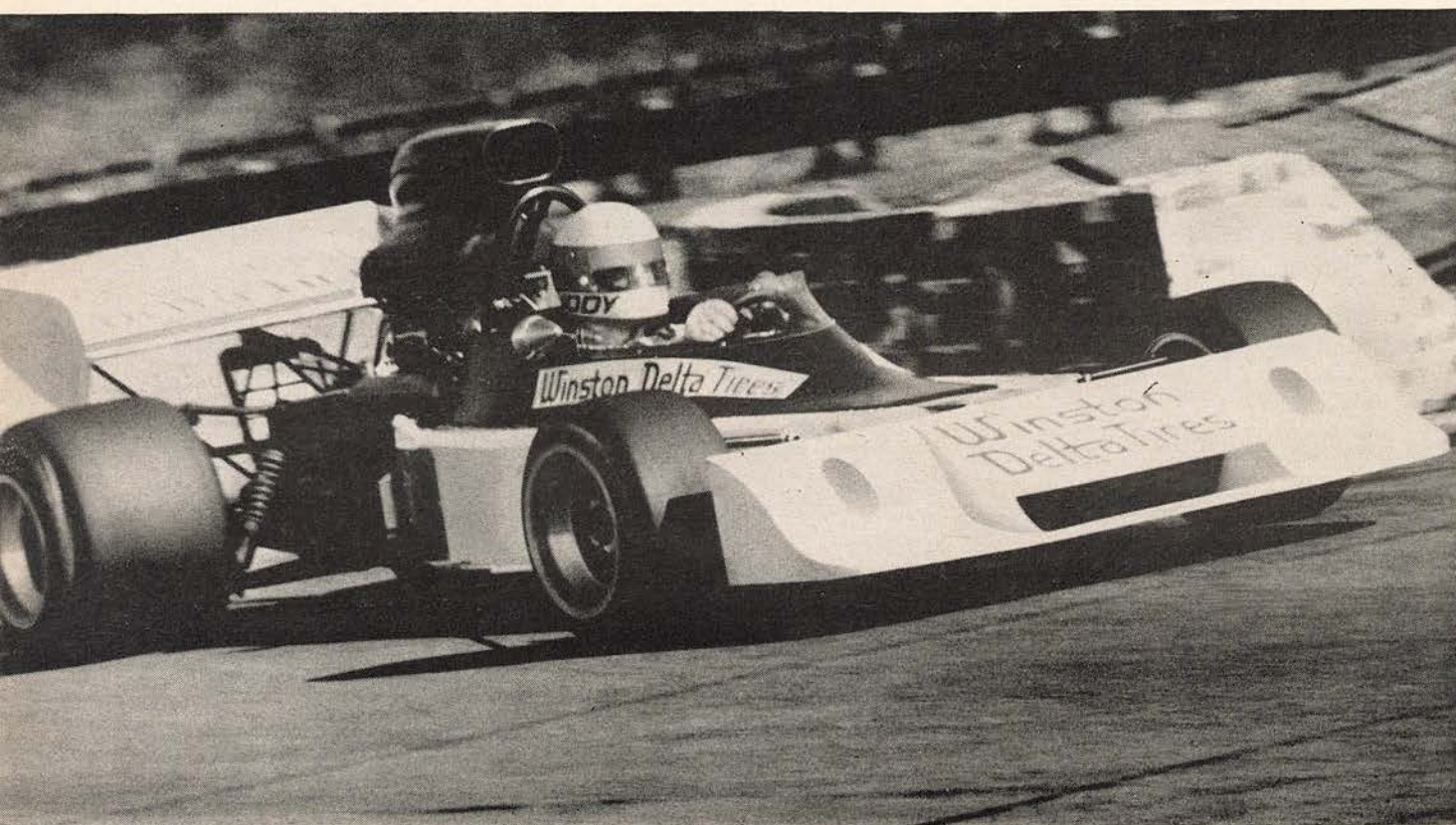
plying his brakes. His style makes purists shudder.

But if you're not a purist, if you are content to watch a man travel from Point A to Point B with stunning speed, then do go see Jody Scheckter. As the Spanish used to say about the matador Belmonte, see him quick.

Scheckter's reputation preceded him to California's Riverside International Raceway for the first L&M Formula 5000 race of the 1973 season. Scheckter did not disappoint. His first time out on the track, he defied all the accepted rules of racing smoothness; he even spun his car. Yet his lap times were so impressive he acquired a nickname: "Old Spin and Win."

The young South African did not win at Riverside. He drove his white Winston Delta Trojan to second place. But he proceeded to win the next three L&M Formula 5000 races—at Laguna Seca, at the Michigan International Speedway and at the Mid-Ohio. Halfway through the nine-race series, the son of a South African garage owner seemed to have the title locked up.

Suddenly, and with obvious daring, Jody Scheckter is threatening to become one of the superstars of international auto racing. Virtually unknown a year ago, he made his first Grand Prix appearance at Watkins Glen, N.Y., last fall; all he did



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JODY

CONTINUED

was qualify eighth, ahead of world champion Emerson Fittipaldi, and run third in the race till, victimized more by a rainfall than his own style, he spun off the course. This spring, he got another Grand Prix start, in South Africa, and qualified for the front row, along with Fittipaldi and veteran Dennis Hulme. Scheckter was leading that race till his engine failed.

Next, Scheckter has set his sights on the prestigious Can-Am series. Right after his second L&M victory, the young driver agreed to pilot a 5.0-liter, turbocharged Porsche in the Can-Am events. In his first Can-Am event, facing 1971 champion Mark Donohue and 1972 champion George Follmer, Scheckter led most of the race till a flat tire forced him out. His style seems ideal to send

the series soaring.

Scheckter talks about his style with considerably more control than he displays on the course. "I'm pretty sensible, I think," he says, "but maybe I do sometimes try too hard."

"I try to be ready to race right from the flag. Some drivers like to take six or eight laps getting in the right frame of mind. I get myself wound up before the race. Sometimes I don't even speak to my best friends, I'm so intent on thinking on the start. When it comes time to go, I go as hard as I can right away."

Where did Scheckter come from? How did he get so close to the top so fast? "Things just happened," he says. "I started out five years ago in saloon car racing, then won a Formula Ford championship." His reward for winning a Formula Ford title in South Africa was an expense grant that enabled him to travel to England where he caught the eye of Sid Taylor, who put him in the Winston Delta Trojan Formula 5000.

Not surprisingly, Scheckter's swift success—plus his, to be kind, unorthodox style—have not en-

deared him to all his rivals. Last year's L&M champion, Graham McRae, an also-ran this season, told a California broadcaster named Jim Steck of his experiences with Scheckter. "He did run me off the road twice in England," McRae mentioned. "I haven't forgotten it. I should think it only takes time to learn (to race safely), but in the meantime he sort of wrecked quite a few people's motor cars. I'm sure I wouldn't be very happy having my motor car wrecked because of his tomfoolery. I'm afraid I'd probably try and show him what it's like."

Scheckter's L&M rivals suspect that the South African's car holds a horsepower-edge over their machines. No one knows for sure, but the suspicion is essential for the other drivers' self-respect.

If Scheckter doesn't have a horsepower advantage, if his consistently lower lap times are purely the result of skill, then Jackie Stewart, Emerson Fittipaldi and the other international heroes will soon have to move over. A magician has arrived who can make a machine do special things—most of them good. ■

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I cut two small pieces off a plastic drinking straw, slid one over each set of wires to keep them from getting stuck together, tied the wires together, and then pumped them full of caulk.

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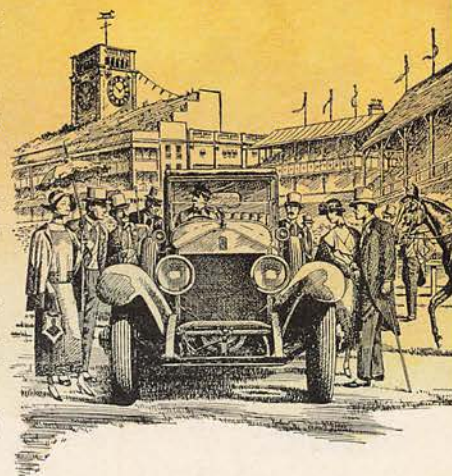
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LETTERS TO SPORT

CANADIAN CUISINE

As a Canadian born in Montreal and now living near Toronto, I was quite interested in your article on the Atlanta Flames (June). In it you mentioned that a press party held for the Flames featured Canadian food. I have not heard of too many Canadian foods and would be much obliged to SPORT if you would name the specific Canadian foods.

Greg Anderson
Oakville, Ont.

Ed. Well, you start with Canadian bacon, and you season with Canadian whiskey and after that, who cares? Does caribou count?

A VOTE FOR BILL

While watching the last game of the NBA playoffs, I was stunned to hear that Willis Reed was named MVP by SPORT Magazine. How could the voters overlook the play of Bill Bradley? He was such a consistent performer that he should have won it over Reed. In the five games played, Bradley outscored Reed in three games.

Steve Park
Phoenix, Ariz.

Ed. Maybe you're right.

A VOTE FOR CLYDE

NBA playoff series MVP: Willis Reed. Surely you jest! It was Walt Frazier. And I'm a Boston Celtics fan.

Linda Lorenz
Urbana, Ill.

Ed. Maybe you're right.

A VOTE FOR DAVE

The guys who voted Willis Reed the MVP of the NBA playoffs weren't playing with a full deck. Dave DeBusschere is the best player on the Knicks; he does everything on the court. When Dave isn't playing, the Knicks are hurting.

Stephen Slizewski
Elizabeth, N.J.

Ed. Maybe you're right.

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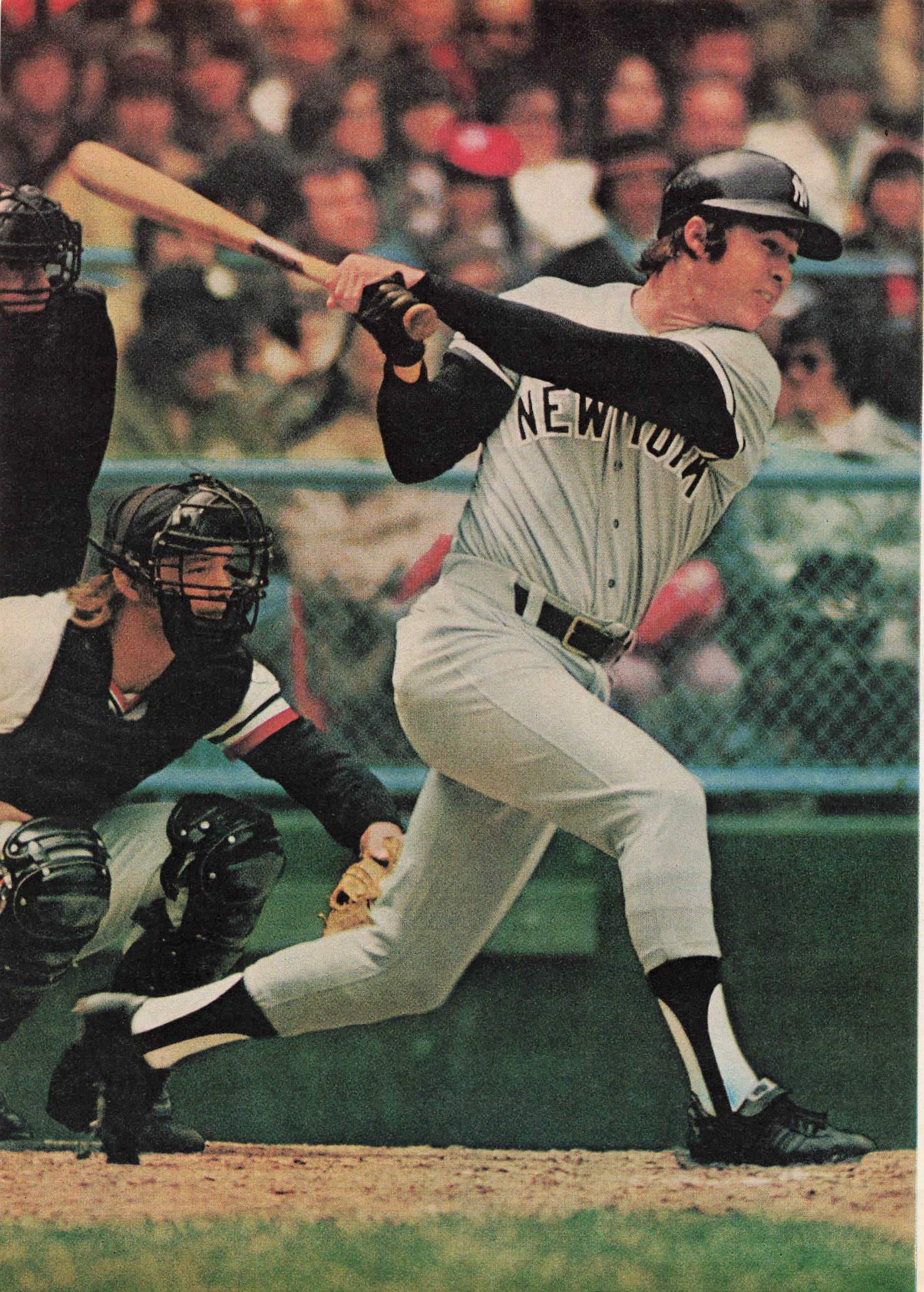
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Bobby Murcer: Lost On A \$100,000 Turf?

BY DICK SCHAAP

Year in and year out, for more than a third of a century, ever since an Italian kid from San Francisco stepped into the job, playing center field for the New York Yankees has been the most glamorous job on baseball's most glamorous team.

In 37 seasons from 1936 through 1972, the Yankees won 22 pennants and 16 World Series, and during that span, the centerfielder for the Yankees batted over .300 22 times, hit more than 25 home runs 22 times and drove in more than 100 runs 13 times. Six times, or approximately once every six years, the Yankee centerfielder was named the Most Valuable Player in the American League. No other position on any other team produced such brilliance for so long.

The man who staked out the territory in 1936 was, of course, Joe DiMaggio, and except during World War II, when he gave way to Johnny Lindell and Tuck Stainback, DiMaggio owned the turf through 1951. In 1949, 13 years after he

became a Yankee regular, as a reward for his skills and his patience, DiMaggio became the first ballplayer to get \$100,000 for a season.

Two years later, DiMaggio retired, and the following season, a strapping young Oklahoman named Mickey Mantle took over the job. For most of the next 17 seasons, except when the pain in his knees pushed him to first base and allowed Joe Pepitone and Tom Tresh and Bill Robinson to roam in center field, Mantle was the perfect successor to DiMaggio's throne, a superstar both gifted and charismatic. In 1956, he won the Triple Crown, with a batting average of .353, 52 home runs and 130 runs batted in. But not until 1962, a decade after he became a Yankee regular, did Mantle earn a salary of \$100,000. He remained exactly at that level through his final seven years as a Yankee.

Mantle's aching body finally forced him to the sidelines after the 1968 season, and the following

year Bobby Murcer, another Oklahoman, converted from infielder to centerfielder at Yankee Stadium. This year, only his fifth as a Yankee regular, Murcer climbed into the \$100,000 class. Murcer has made it to six figures faster than either of his illustrious predecessors, but \$100,000 doesn't buy what it used to buy—and it doesn't glitter the way it used to, either.

Joe DiMaggio, 22 years after his retirement, and Mickey Mantle, five years after his, remain heroic figures in New York City. Bobby Murcer, approaching the peak of his career, remains a baseball player. DiMaggio, silver-haired but trim, pops up on the local television screen every few minutes, extolling the virtues of the Bowery Savings Bank. Mantle, his hair still blondish but his body not quite so trim, appears every now and then, pushing a brokerage firm or an after-shave lotion or a mushy breakfast cereal. Murcer, the best player on a team that has a chance to bring to

\$100,000 Turf

CONTINUED

Yankee Stadium its first World Series in nine years, has never done a commercial. "Nobody's asked me to do one, either," Bobby says. "I always heard that New York was the greatest place for an athlete to be, that that's where all the big-money opportunities are, but you can't prove it by me."

No one is expected to shed any tears for Bobby Murcer, forced to struggle along and keep his Rolls-Royce humming on only \$100,000 a year, without the fringe benefits of commercials, endorsements and hot stock tips. Murcer is not looking for any pity. But he is, quite candidly, looking for commercials. Yet so far none have come his way.

The problem, in its simplest terms, is that Bobby Murcer is lost on a \$100,000 turf.

Murcer's relative obscurity—he is probably the least publicized of all the \$100,000 players in baseball, despite the fact that he works in the heartland of publicity—springs from several causes, and the first is that Bobby Murcer is not a Joe DiMaggio or a Mickey Mantle on the playing field. Murcer is 27 years old, and by the time DiMaggio was 27, he had already hit in 56 consecutive games and had won two batting titles. By the time Mantle reached 27, he had won the Triple Crown and three home run championships.

Murcer does not boast such spectacular statistics. He has batted over .300 only once, he has hit more than 30 home runs only once and he has never driven in 100 runs in a season. Yet Murcer needn't be embarrassed because he doesn't measure up to Joe and Mickey; hardly anyone does. Bobby is one of the finest outfielders in baseball, a starting All-Star in 1971 and 1972, and judging from his early pace in 1973,

he stands a good chance this year of going over .300, over 30 home runs and over 100 RBIs, all in one season. He could, without straining the imagination, become the seventh MVP to play center field for the Yankees in 38 years—provided he reaches all three batting goals and, more important, provided the Yankees win at least their own American League division.

Which brings us to a second reason Murcer has not joined or replaced Willis Reed as the yogurt-eater on New York television channels. Bobby Murcer has never played on a winner. The first year he pulled on a Yankee uniform, for 11 games as a shortstop in 1965, the Yankees began their nosedive from the top of the American League. The Yankees went from awesome to awful with astonishing speed, from first place to tenth in only two years. The decline of the club frightened away fans and downright terrified admen. The only companies that even thought of associating themselves with the Yankee image of the late '60s were companies specializing in disaster equipment. The Mets became the glamor team in New York, and Tom Seaver, displacing Mantle as the civic symbol, monopolized the glamor endorsements.

Before Murcer became a Yankee, the team practically never lost. Since Murcer became a Yankee, the team has never won. But there is no cause-and-effect relationship there; the Yankees' recent problems cannot, in any way, be blamed on Bobby Murcer. To the contrary, when the oddsmakers this spring established the Yankees as favorites to win the American League East, Murcer was one of the main reasons. *One* of them—along with Sparky Lyle, Mel Stottlemyre, Graig Nettles, Roy White and the Alous.

He wasn't *the* main reason.

And that pinpoints another of Murcer's difficulties. He is not, despite impressive credentials, the leader of the Yankees. DiMaggio and Mantle were leaders, both by more than simply the statistical examples they set. DiMaggio, with his cool professionalism, his outward dignity, personified the crisp efficiency of his Yankees. Mantle, playing in pain for so many seasons, inspired teammates who enjoyed better health and less ability.

"Leader?" Murcer says. "Hell, I'm no leader. We don't really have a leader on our club." He glances around the Yankee clubhouse, presumably studying his teammates for symptoms of leadership. "Yeah," he says. "We do. Ralph. Ralph Houk's the leader on this club."

Obviously, there are logical reasons why Bobby Murcer is running a little low in the charisma department. He is not quite a superstar, not quite a winner, not quite a leader. Even on sheer physical grounds, at five-foot-11 and 170 pounds, Murcer is not so distinctive as his two predecessors. He does not have DiMaggio's height nor Mantle's muscles. He lacks the chiseled features of a DiMaggio, the incredibly massive neck of a Mantle. Off the playing field, without a bat in his hand, Murcer doesn't look special.

Still, I would like to put forth one good reason why Murcer should be doing commercials, should be reaping the fringe benefits of athletic fame, should be hawking hair sprays and multicolored underwear. Based on my own contacts with the three centerfielders, Bobby Murcer, out-hits, outruns and outthrows DiMaggio and Mantle—in personality.

Admittedly, I have met DiMaggio only half a dozen times, all of them after his playing career ended. I have known Mantle only casually, although I studied him well enough to write a book about his accomplishments more than a decade ago. I do not pretend to know Murcer intimately, either, but whenever I have spent time with him, I have found him friendly, cheerful

and outgoing. He has a quick wit, an open manner, a likable inclination to say whatever pops into his head. Once, when the Yankees were having a typically tough day solving the pitching of Gaylord Perry, Murcer caught a ball for the final out of an inning. He carried the ball into the infield and, just before flipping it to Perry, wet it up good. "I'll match my forkball against Perry's forkball any day," says Murcer.

What I'm saying, I guess, is that DiMaggio and Mantle, understandably, both seem to act like superstars—a little aloof, a little wary, a little annoyed by attention. I never met either of them before they were superstars; perhaps they were different then. And perhaps, if Murcer ever does get to be a genuine superstar, he will change, he will take on a protective coating.

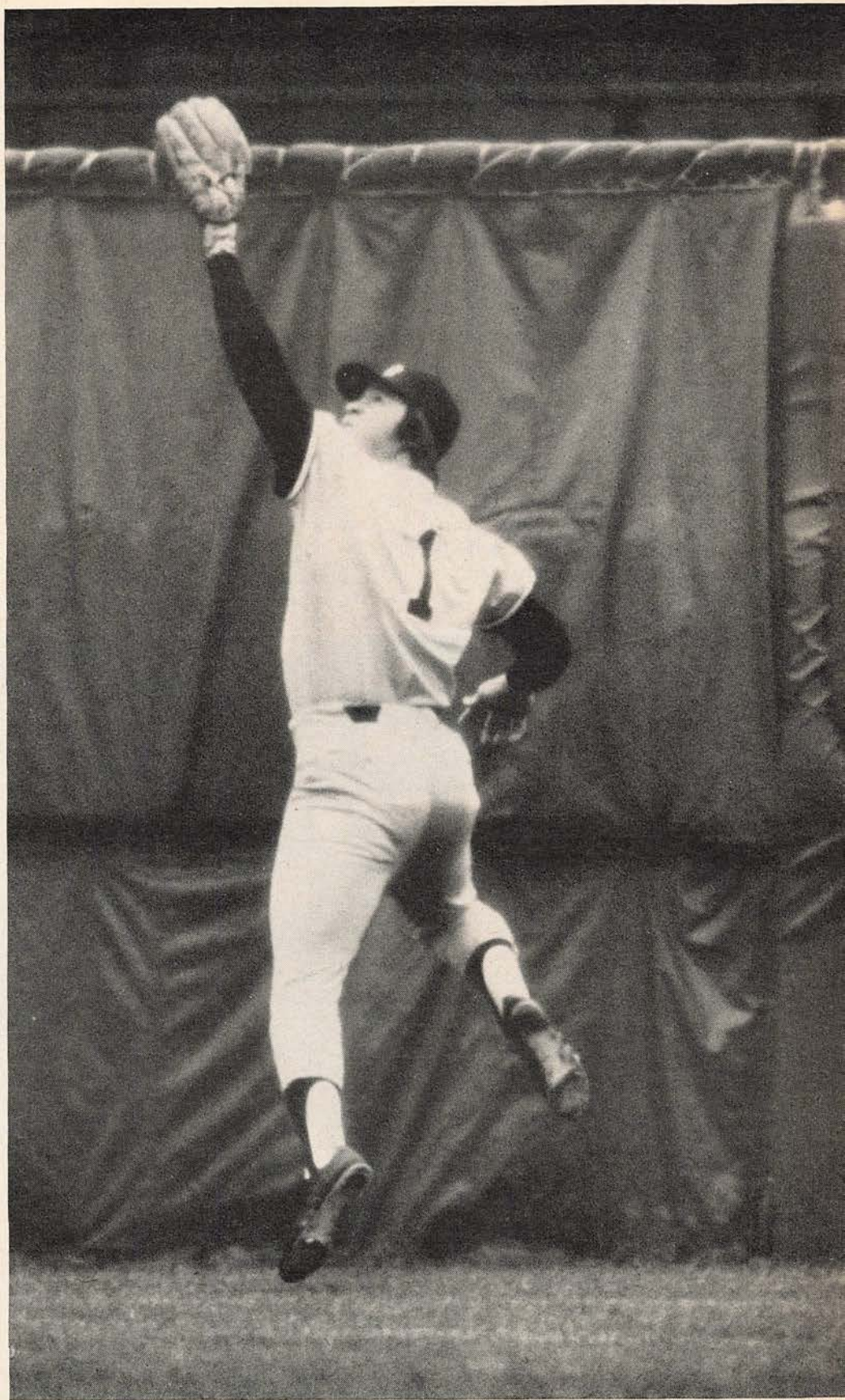
Maybe. But right now, of the three, in my opinion, Bobby Murcer is definitely the best company.

During the past winter, Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle and Bobby Murcer all got together one day, to attend a luncheon at a pub on the East Side of Manhattan. The three were united by a single cause—a request to publicize the upcoming American Airlines Astrojet golf tournament, an annual clambake for football and baseball stars.

I was covering the reunion of the three centerfielders for a TV station, and I asked each of them which was the most gifted player—at golf. Murcer won the poll. Then I tried to get each to phrase his answer—on camera—in such a way that it wouldn't be immediately apparent he was talking about golf. Murcer got the joke right away, and handled it perfectly. DiMaggio and Mantle had trouble; maybe they weren't as bright—or maybe they didn't see the humor in it.

Bobby Murcer's locker at Yankee Stadium—formerly Mickey Mantle's—looks just like most ballplayers' lockers: The can of Skoal chew-

Bobby Murcer is a gifted outfielder—perhaps not quite a DiMaggio or a Mantle. But they don't make many like that.



\$100,000 Turf

CONTINUED

ing tobacco sits right next to the can of The Dry Look hair spray. The rest of the tools of his trade are scattered around the cubicle: Fifteen new flame-treated bats, a hot comb, a jock, a gift-wrapped bottle of Chivas Regal, a glove.

Murcer sat on a stool in front of the locker and talked about his predecessors. "You know, Mickey told me," he said, "that when he came up, they wanted him to say all that stuff about DiMaggio being his hero and all that. What could he do? He told me that, really, Musial had always been his hero. How could he tell 'em that?"

Murcer laughed, easily. "Mickey really was my hero," he said, "always was, coming from the same state and all. He's the best ballplayer I've ever seen. But when I came up, nobody really cared that much who my hero was. Outside of the fact we both came from Oklahoma and we were both signed by Tom Greenwade, nobody saw much to compare me and Mickey. When they made out the scouting report on me—you know, they grade you from one up to five on a bunch of different things—I was graded 'three' in everything except my arm. They gave me a 'four' for my arm. I was a shortstop then."

The Yankees didn't know they had a future centerfielder in Murcer, and they certainly didn't know they had a potential superstar. When he joined the team, they gave him uniform No.

17. The big Yankee stars always got the single-digit numbers: Gehrig wore 3, Ruth 4, DiMaggio 5 and Mantle 7. Roy White came up to the Yankees the same year Murcer did, and White drew 6. That tells you right there who was supposed to end up on a monument. "I was happy with 17," Murcer said. "Least it had a 7 in it. Then, when Bobby Richardson retired, he asked me if I would take over his 1, and I did."

Murcer and Mantle were teammates for only brief stretches dur-

When DiMaggio, Murcer and Mantle got together at a Manhattan restaurant, they all agreed Bobby was the best—at golf.

ing two seasons, 1965 and 1966, but they have since become close friends, and frequent golfing companions. (Neither Mantle nor Murcer is particularly close to DiMaggio; Murcer barely knows Joe, perhaps because DiMaggio is not only old enough to be Bobby's father, he is older than Bobby's father.) "Mickey hits a golf ball a lot farther than I do," Bobby said, "but I beat him all the time. I upset him. I needle him. I laugh when he misses a shot."

"When was the first time you met Mantle?" I asked Murcer.

"In Kansas City, when I was a prospect."

"Did you ever think then you might follow DiMaggio and Mantle into center field?"

"No," said Murcer. "No way I could've thought that. You see, I always thought DiMaggio played right field."

George Lois runs an advertising agency in New York City. He uses Joe Namath in commercials. He uses Mickey Mantle. He is more than a sports fan; he is a sports lunatic. He grew up in the Bronx, not far from Yankee Stadium. "Have you ever thought of using Bobby Murcer in a commercial?" I asked him.

"Murcer?" said Lois. "Murcer? He's a little guy, isn't he? He's invisible. It's ridiculous, but his name has never come up. He's got to be the most unheard-of \$100,000 ballplayer who ever lived. Next to him, Billy Williams is over-exposed."

Lois paused. "You know what?" he said. "I think I'll call him for a commercial. He's cute. He's funny. And, after all, he does play centerfield for the Yankees."

See. The position is still magic. Almost. ■



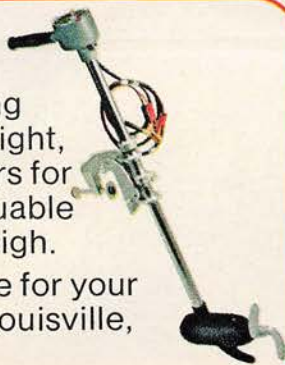


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In 1972, Joe Morgan was a power behind the Reds' pennant drive—and the All-Star MVP (left). A mere five-foot-seven, the smallest man in the league is a giant among second basemen.

THE SMALLEST COG POWERS THE BIG RED MACHINE

BY AL HIRSHBERG



Joe Morgan stands in the batter's box on the lefty's side of home plate, his hands holding the bat up high above his ear, his feet spread shoulder width and his left elbow flapping up and down as if he were a cardinal instead of a Red. The wing-like movement is something his coach Nellie Fox taught him in 1967 when he was an Astro. It was a gimmick Morgan was going to try for three or four days to teach him to keep his arm away from his body when he swings. He's been doing it for seven years now, even though he's changed his batting style and it serves no useful purpose anymore. Now it's just sort of a trademark: Joe Morgan never stops moving.

He sets himself up to hit and looks across his right shoulder at Houston's rookie pitcher, Jim

Crawford. Crawford has just come into the game in the eighth inning with his team behind 1-0. His job is to hold the Reds until his long-ball hitting teammates get their chance to bat in the ninth. He throws five pitches, four of them outside of the compact strike zone outlined by Morgan's five-foot-seven frame. Crawford has committed the worst possible mistake. He has let Joe Morgan get on base.

Crawford stretches and looks uneasily at Morgan. Then, the moment Crawford leans back to begin his pitch, Morgan digs his toes into the Riverfront Stadium carpet, puts his head down, and scoots toward second base. Houston catcher Johnny Edwards jumps out of his crouch waiting for that ball that is taking too long to arrive in his glove. The instant it gets there, he

throws. The ball sails over second baseman Tommy Helms' head, into center field, and without hesitating Morgan runs to third, safely.

Now Crawford stands on the mound frustrated. He throws a fast-ball that sails past batter Bobby Tolan, past catcher Edwards, back to the foot of the stands. By the time Edwards retrieves the ball, Morgan has made the score 2-0.

Johnny Bench hits 40 home runs, drives in 100 runs and wins Most-Valuable-Player awards. Tony Perez hits 30 home runs and drives in 90 runs. Pete Rose collects 200 hits a year and consistently bats over .300. These are the glamor statistics. Joe Morgan specializes in a different department: He scores runs.

"You have to watch him every

SMALLEST COG

CONTINUED

day to realize what a great ball-player he is," says Cincinnati manager Sparky Anderson. "Like Bobby Bonds or Cesar Cedeno, he can control a one-run game just by the things he can do on the basepaths."

Cincinnati wasn't nicknamed the Big Red Machine because of Joe Morgan's style of baseball. In 1970 they were the most devastating National League power club since the Mays-McCovey-Cepeda Giants of the early '60s. That year, Bench slugged 45 home runs, Perez hit 40 and Lee May added 34. Bobby Tolan, who stole 57 bases, provided what speed there was. The next year, the home run production dropped off and the team dropped back to fourth place in the division. But Anderson did not believe that the lack of power was the reason for the team's decline. Tolan had ruptured an Achilles tendon during the off-season and missed the year. The speed was gone.

You cannot count on power to win for you consistently in baseball. No one hits home runs game after game. Very few players can hit one every four games. But you can count on speed. It is one factor that can be consistent—if you have the players. Maury Wills stole pennants for powerless Dodger ballclubs four times.

So after the 1971 season, Anderson decided to change the style of his ballclub and let the whole baseball world know about it with one dramatic move. He traded power for speed—Lee May for Joe Morgan. There were six other names involved in the trade, but May and Morgan were the reasons for the deal.

Looking at the numbers, you would think that May had it all over Morgan and that Anderson had made a bad deal. May had hit 38, 34 and 39 home runs and driven in around 100 runs each of the previous three seasons. Morgan was a .263 lifetime hitter who had

never hit more than 15 home runs or driven in more than 56 runs. But Anderson knew exactly what he was getting and it was just what he wanted. Two strong bats, Bench's and Perez's, were enough to drive the machine. Sparky needed speed—and another sparkplug. He couldn't have gone after a more fiery performer.

Morgan did compile some impressive statistics his first year with the Reds—not power stats, speed stats. He led the major leagues in runs scored with 122. He set a team record by walking a league-leading 115 times. Combined with his 161 hits, that meant he was on base over 40 percent of the times he came to bat. He was also the toughest player in the league to double up, hitting into one double play every 110.4 at bats.

But the numbers are only a minor indication of Morgan's contribution to his team. He is always doing unusual things, and often they lead directly to a win. Take, for example, the time last season when he won a game by scoring from third on an infield pop-up. Rennie Stennett, the Pirates' second baseman, handled the easy fly ball casually and then put his head down when the ball was in his glove. By the time he looked up, Morgan was halfway down the baseline. Stennett made a hurried throw off-line and Morgan slid home safely.

Morgan has been doing these kinds of things since he came up with the Astros in 1965. But no one ever appreciated them before.

"The things I do show up better now because I have winning personnel behind me," Morgan says. "At Houston I would walk, steal second and be stranded there. Here I walk and steal, Tolan sacrifices, and Bench drives me in."

The hitting skills of the first five batters in the Reds order are perfectly attuned to their slots. To-

gether they define what a "lineup" is all about.

Rose leads off. He is a switch-hitting singles hitter who can run and occasionally hit the long ball. He annually leads the team in hits.

Morgan hits second. With the first baseman holding Rose on first, Morgan has more room to pull the ball through the infield, which he does very well. If he hits a ground ball at an infielder, he won't be doubled up, so there will still be a runner on first when the strong hitters behind him come to bat. Morgan also hits enough home runs to make the pitchers work him carefully; that's one reason he picks up all those walks.

"Morgan knows just what he must do at the plate," says Anderson. "If the hitters behind him are hitting well, he will wait out a walk. If they are slumping, he will try to get hits on bad pitches."

Bobby Tolan bats third. He is faster than Morgan though not as quick. He generally hits for a good average and is also capable of hitting the long ball. He is a fastball hitter who sees fastballs often because pitchers tend to deliver quickly when Morgan's on base.

Bench, the cleanup man, and Perez, batting fifth, provide the steady power. Together they had more runs batted in (215) than any other four-five punch last year.

And Morgan was the one they drove in most often.

"Every time I look up," Bench says, "Morgan's on base."

"Our success with an attack keyed by Morgan has changed a lot of other clubs' thinking," says Anderson. "The Dodgers traded away Frank Robinson and now depend on speed again with young players like (Davey) Lopes. And Baltimore is now playing those two young kids, Bumbry and Coggins, because they are speed merchants."

And watching the Reds day in and day out, Joe Morgan's speed is more vital than any of the team's other qualities. He's the smallest cog in the Big Red Machine, but he's the cog that keeps it running smoothly. ■

On Tour With Arnie, Jack, Creamy & Angelo

BY PAUL SLAGLE



Maybe you saw the final round of the 1973 Bob Hope Desert Classic on television. It really was a classic, a head-to-head confrontation for the last 18 holes, the best against the best, the two men who have dominated modern big-money golf pitted against each other. If you saw it, you probably can't forget it. It was Creamy against Angelo.

At least, that's the way I remember it, looking at it from my special point of view, the point of view of a touring professional. A touring professional caddie, that is. Creamy Carolyn is Arnold Palmer's regular caddie, and Angelo Argea is Jack Nicklaus' regular caddie, and just as their golfers dominate any clubhouse they walk into, Creamy and Angelo dominate the caddie yard.

Creamy won the Bob Hope. I know the papers said that Palmer won, ending a long drought, but as far as the caddies were concerned, Creamy beat Angelo, something that hadn't happened in a long time. Actually, Creamy's drought hadn't lasted as long as Arnie's; Creamy won the Cleveland Open



As far as the caddies are concerned, the only question is: "Who's that guy standing out there with Angelo Argea?"

Creamy & Angelo

CONTINUED

in 1972 when Arnie, who didn't win all year, passed up the tournament. Creamy caddied that week for David Graham, who finished first.

This is my first year out on the pro tour—I graduated from college last December—and one of the first things I learned is that the status of the caddies pretty well reflects the status of their golfers. Creamy and Angelo are the kings in my set.

One of the responsibilities of the caddies is to go out on the course at night during a tournament and

check the pin placements for the next day's round. About 20 of us will go out, but usually only one is allowed to walk onto the green and pace off the exact distance from the front and the back and the sides. If Angelo or Creamy is with us, one of them gets the honor.

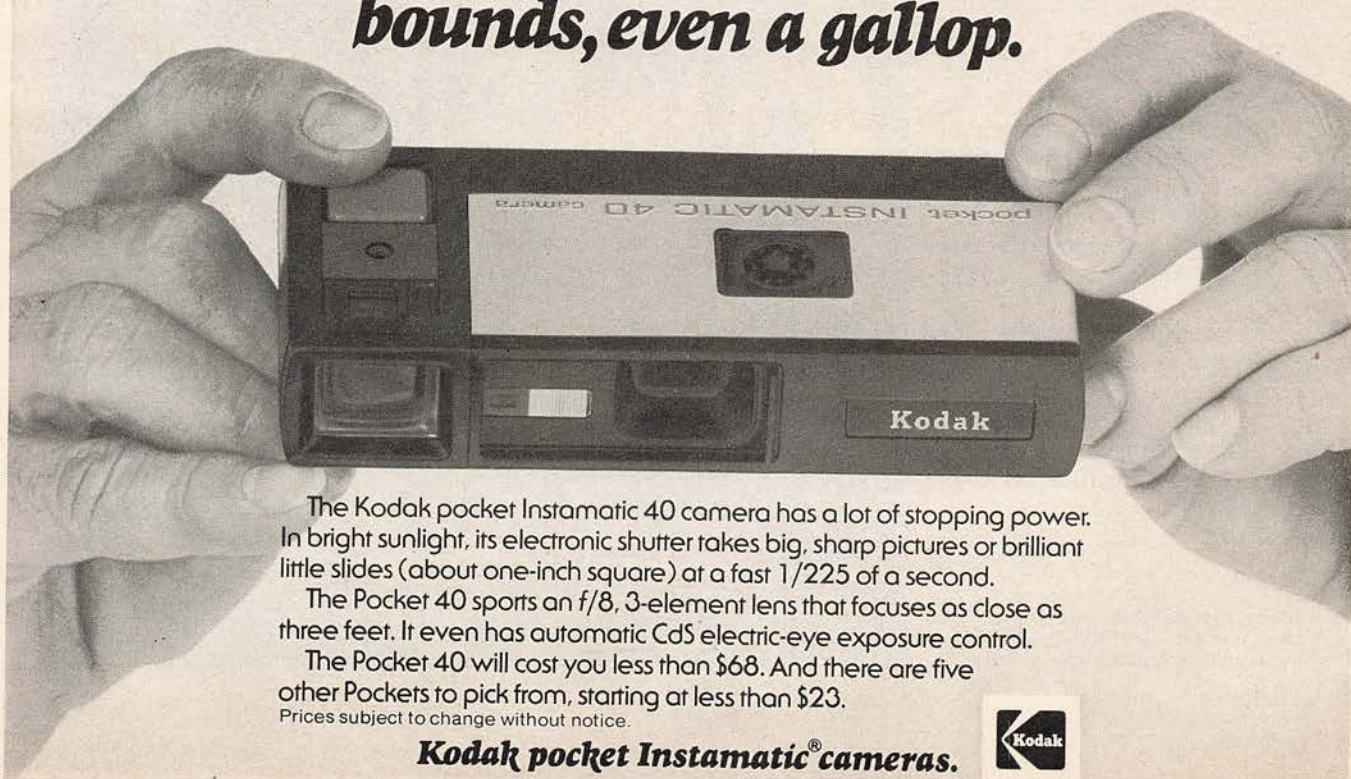
Naturally, Creamy and Angelo are the top money-winners on the tour, among the caddies. Creamy, I've heard, is guaranteed \$500 every time Arnie tees it up for a tournament. Angelo draws a straight weekly salary from Jack, plus a bonus at the end of the year.

I don't know exactly what Angelo gets, but I bet it's safe to say that he earns more money than most of the 200 to 300 golfers who try their luck on the tour. Angelo dresses better than a lot of the pros, too. He's tall and gray-haired, which makes him pretty conspicuous on the course. Angelo never played golf himself until this year. Then he started fooling around with the game, and in Jacksonville I saw him practicing chipping. He chipped four straight shots into the hole. I guess working for Jack, you learn by osmosis.

Angelo always calls Jack "The Boss." Creamy calls Arnie lots of different things, but mostly Mr. Palmer to his face.

There are about 50 caddies out on the tour regularly, and I guess each one of us, given his choice, would be willing to change places with Angelo. We'd all like to caddie for Jack. He's been my idol ever since I started playing golf. I've got a one-handicap; I went to the Uni-

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versity of Georgia on a golf scholarship.

(Arnie's always been a hero to me, too, but I could tell at the Bob Hope Classic that he's past his prime. When he won the tournament, Arnie let out a whoop and flung his visor toward the crowd. The visor went straight down into the ground. Arnie just can't fling his visor the way he used to.)

Next to Jack, I suppose I'd most like to work for Jerry Heard. He's talented, he's young and, most important, he's generous. The younger guys on the tour tend to be more generous, probably because they've grown up with the big prize money of today. The older pros, guys who started 20 and even ten years ago, are a little tighter with their money; they probably don't quite believe how much they earn today (and don't quite believe that the caddie fees are all tax-deductible). Still, some of the veterans are great to work for. Doug Sanders and Chi Chi Rodriguez, for example. They're both ex-caddies. They've got good temperaments. They don't demand the impossible from their caddies. When Chi Chi won at Greensboro this year, he bought steak dinners for all the touring caddies. He hasn't forgotten what it's like to scramble. He's a good guy.

If you're a touring caddie, you earn a minimum of about \$75 a week—that's a bad week, when your golfer misses the cut—and you can easily average \$150 a week, even if you don't bring home a winner. With a winner you've got a good shot at \$1000 for a week's work. There's a story that one week one caddie got paid \$15,000. According to the story, Arnie told his wife to pay his caddie \$1500, and she made a mistake and wrote out a check for \$15,000. Arnie made it good. I don't know if that ever really happened, but it's a popular story among the caddies. (There's an extra dividend if you get to caddie for Kermit Zarley; he's very religious. He gives each of his caddies a Bible.)

Of the 50 caddies out on the tour, about half are white and half

"That Good-Bye Nick Kit for \$1.00 was a good buy Nick!"

"GOOD-BYE NICK"

For only one dollar I'll get a Gillette Techmatic® razor, a cartridge with two shaving edges, a can of Gillette Foamy Face Saver® shave cream, and three different posters.

I was waiting at the mailbox when the mail girl arrived. I loved her...she looked great in her blue sweater with the eagle patches.

She handed me two packages. "That Good-Bye Nick Kit for one dollar was a good buy Nick. Good-Bye Nick!" Everyone called me Nick because I always nicked and cut my face when I shaved.

I ran into my room. I tore open the packages. The Gillette Techmatic gleamed. Instead of blades with sharp corners that can cut and nick my face, there's a continuous razor band safely enclosed in a cartridge. When I'm ready for a new edge, all I do is turn a lever. And I can adjust it to any of five settings for a shave that's just right for my skin and beard. Along with the Techmatic® razor came Foamy Face Saver® shave cream. Its thick, rich foam contains an extra-high concentration of natural lubricants to help Techmatic glide over my face.

Inside too, were three different Good-Bye Nick posters in nifty colors. I used Techmatic and Face Saver and got great shaves.

I had new courage and asked the mail girl to come over. She arrived after work, still wearing her beautiful blue postal sweater. She was all I'd hoped for, and I'm a real knit picker.



Gillette Techmatic® razor.
Sample cartridge with 2 edges.
Gillette Foamy Face Saver® shave cream trial size.
3 Good-Bye Nick posters 13x24.

Send \$1.00 to:
Good-Bye Nick Kit Offer
P.O. Box 9374
St. Paul, Minnesota 55193

ALL FOR
\$1.00

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Offer expires March 31, 1974
Please Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

S

Creamy & Angelo

CONTINUED

are black. There's four or five of us who graduated from college, and there are three guys who have only one arm. It's a good group, a lot of fun. We get special rates in motels, just like the golfers do, and we can usually find decent places where it'll cost us no more than \$5 or \$6 a night. We do most of our dining in places like Shakey's Pizza and MacDonald's and Burger-King, but we're always on the lookout for a good bargain spot. Out in Monterey, during the Bing Crosby, we found a smorgasbord restaurant that served all you could eat for \$1.79. I knew it was a good place as soon as I walked in because Angelo was eating there. So were a lot of the pros, for that matter, and not just the rabbits.

Our job, I'll admit, is not the most difficult in the world, but if it's done right, it is more than just toting a bag. Getting pin placements probably has to be our most important assignment. As I mentioned, we usually do this at night, but sometimes early in the morning. Some of the caddies get a little lazy, and instead of walking right up near the green, they'll hang back on the fairway and just watch another caddie pace off the distances. They'll count his steps and then know how far the pin is from each edge of the green. This sometimes leads to what we call "the caddie fakeout." If you know someone's watching you, maybe you mislead him. You keep pacing *after* you've passed the pin; from a distance, he won't be able to tell. Then he'll tell his golfer the next day that the pin is 30 feet from the front of the green, and it's real-

ly 20 feet, and he'll wonder why his golfer got mad at him.

We also walk off the yardages—that is, measure the distance from prominent, convenient landmarks to the front edge of the green and the back. On a par-four, for instance, maybe there's a stump about 240 yards out from the tee. We'll pace the distance from the stump to the green; suppose it's 170 yards to the front edge, 190 yards to the back. That way, if your golfer drives, say, five yards past the stump, you know he's got 165 yards to go to the front of the green, 185 to the back. If you've checked the pin placement and know that the pin is 15 feet from the back, you can tell your golfer he has to hit his shot exactly 180 yards. A lot of the pros walk off their own yardages, but still, it's a good idea for the caddie to do it, too, just in case. Usually, we take the yardages Tuesday, during a practice round, then double-check them on Wednesday, during the pro-am.

If a pro asks, we'll help him with his clubbing. Generally, he knows better than anyone else what he wants to hit, what he should hit, but sometimes he'll be wavering between, say, a five-iron or a six, and he'll consult his caddie. Some caddies, too, help their pros line up putts. But you never club a pro, or suggest a line, unless he asks.

The most important part of our job is psychological. We have to stay cool, even when the golfer isn't. That can be pretty tough when, on the last round, your golfer is going for first-prize money of \$25,000 or so, and you know that if he wins, he'll give you maybe

\$750 or \$1000, and that's a lot of money to a caddie. The caddie has to know when to shut up, when to leave the golfer alone, and when to try to relax him, to loosen him up.

Ideally, a caddie thinks the same way his golfer does. Then they're compatible, they have confidence in each other. Chi Chi's guy is more than a caddie; he's a valet and bookkeeper, too, I guess. Chi Chi said he would have won the Masters this year if he had had his own caddie. That may or may not be true, but Chi Chi thinks it's true, and that's just as important.

The truth, I suppose, is that a good caddie doesn't *hurt* a golfer. Of course, those of us out on the tour would like to think we also help. In fact, some of the touring caddies look at it the other way round: The golfer helps him. Before a round, the caddies tell each other, "Play good." And after the round, one caddie will ask another, "What'd you shoot?" More than likely, the other caddie will say, "I shot 68," or, "We shot 72," or, "He shot 76." I once heard one caddie say, "We birdied 14 and 15, and then that SOB went and bogeyed 16 on me."

Fred Marti, one of the touring pros, put it best. "Caddies never choke," he said. "You guys just charge."

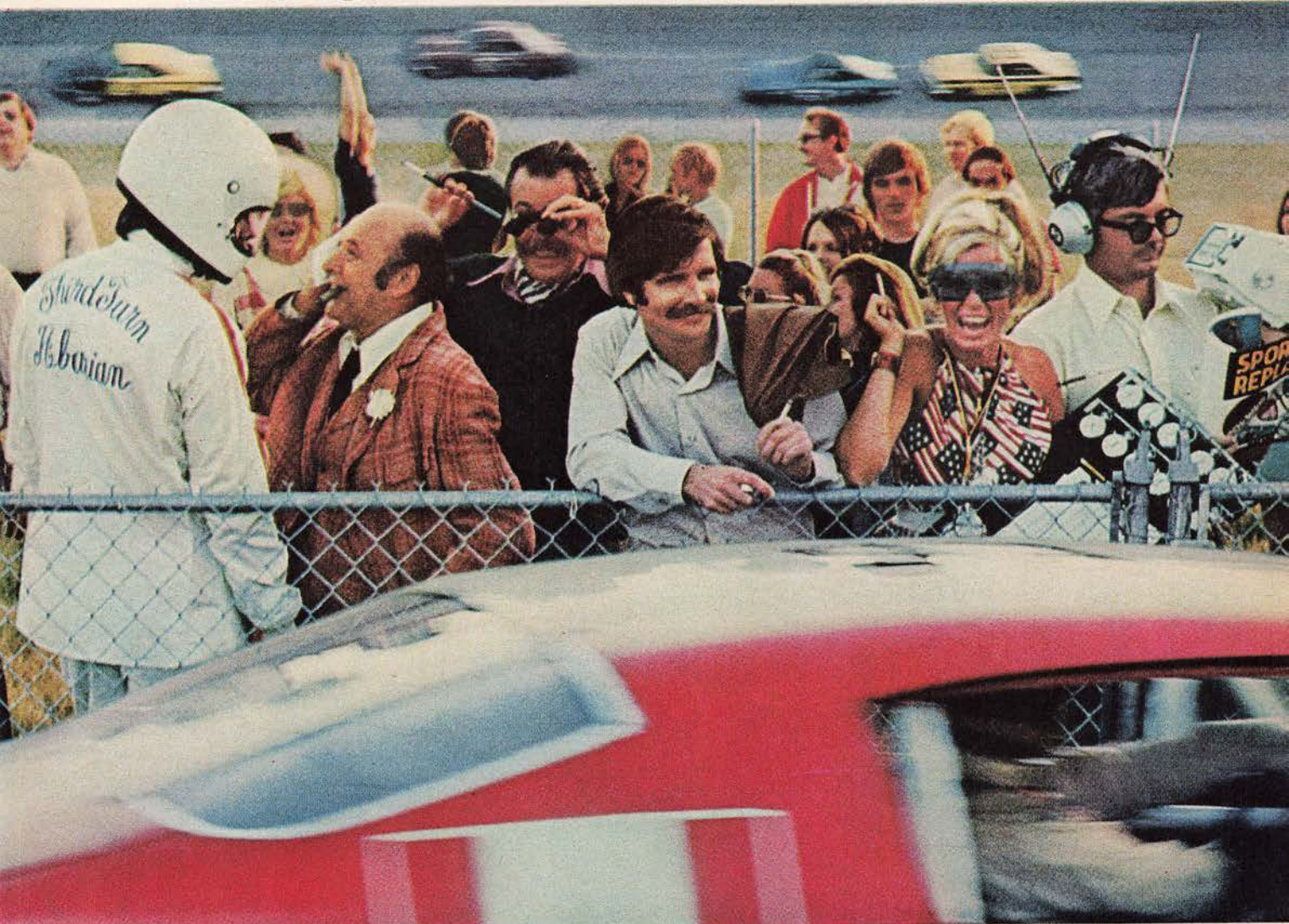
Right now, I'm working regular for Jim Simons, a young pro who's just four months older than I. Jim was playing for Wake Forest when I was playing for Georgia, but in the summer of 1971, when I was caddying up home in Connecticut, he was leading the U.S. Open after three rounds.

Jim's a good golfer, very intelligent, a perfect mental attitude. He came in second in Tallahassee, which gave me mixed feelings. I was happy for him, but unhappy for myself; I'd taken that week off from the tour.

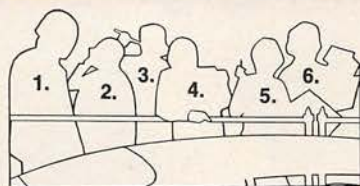
But, don't worry, pretty soon, we're going to win one.

See. I said "we." Why should I be the only caddie out on the tour who's not playing? ■

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



©1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

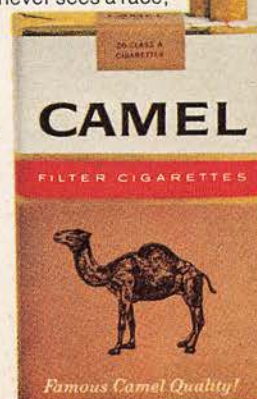


1. Nope. He's "Third Turn" Abanian. Has been in 263 races. Gimmick: always loses control on third turn where Bubbles Fickfern stands (see #5 below). He doesn't smoke. His car does.
2. No. Second-Hand Sam Slick, used car dealer. Gimmick: buys what's left of Abanian's cars. Smokes "pre-owned" cigars.

Here at the Speedway everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

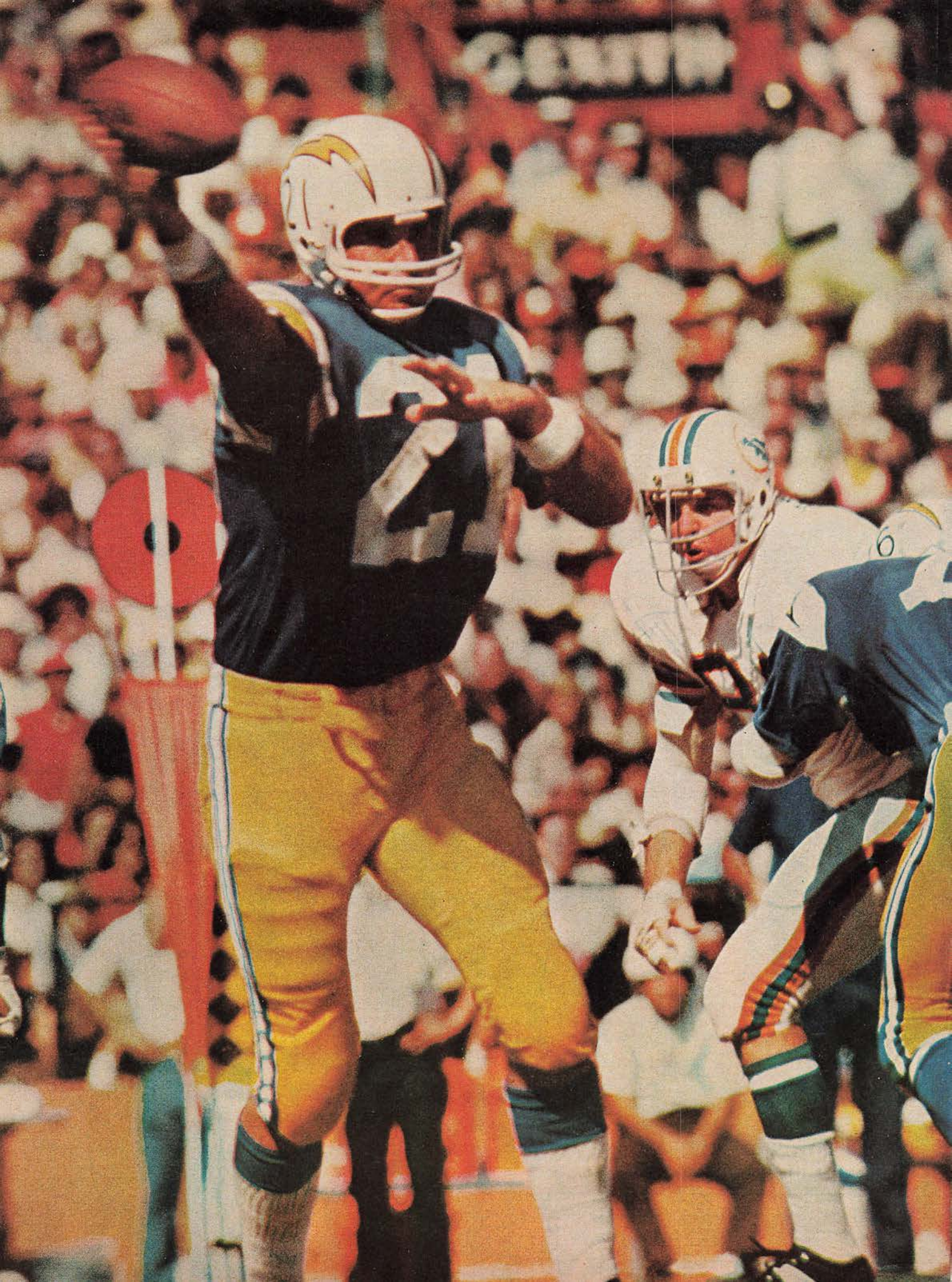
3. Hardly. He's Reggie J. Van Phynque II. Gimmick: filthy rich. Wears cashmere toupee. Smokes double-vented cigarette. **4.** Right. He likes his racing without far-out fads or gimmicks. Wants his cigarette that way, too. Camel Filters. Honest, no-nonsense. Fine tobacco. Easy and good tasting. **5.** Bubbles Fickfern, racing groupie. Gimmick: 18 stopwatches... with Mickey Mouse hands. Smokes Fellinis. **6.** Fellini. Gimmick: never sees a race; too busy following other sports events on portable TV and radio.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.



GOODBYE JOHNNY U. HELLO. ROMAN G.

BY DON FREEMAN

It is a full-moon prairie face, open, friendly, guileless, a face you might see above a pair of bib overalls, the face of a good old boy. It is a face lit by an enigmatic half-smile, one that suggests inner amusement, a hint of Halloween mischief. There, in the San Diego Chargers' team picture for 1972, sits John Hadl, the club's quarterback and captain, in the front row, in the traditional pose for such rituals—the right hand clasping the left wrist. But just look closer. What's going on here? One of Hadl's fingers in his right hand—the middle finger—is pointed straight out, in a universally recognized gesture.

"Oh, I just had a sore hand," John said later, by way of innocent explanation when a few phone calls—surprisingly few—came into

the Chargers' office.

He did have a sore hand at that, but he also harbored an evident disdain, then and now, for certain key changes in the Chargers' coaching philosophy. When Harlan Svare, the old linebacker, assumed the coaching throttle for his first full season, in 1972, he brought in a new staff, and one of his subalterns was an old buddy from his days with the champion New York Giants, Bob Schnelker. A former receiver, Schnelker would take over the San Diego offense.

For most of Hadl's years as a pro, the Chargers had operated under the stewardship of Sid Gillman, a staunch believer in God, mother, the flag and the forward pass, not quite in that order. Now along came Schnelker, a Vince Lombardi

disciple from Green Bay, to present Hadl with a new terminology, a new world of odd, foreign sounds. Any expert in linguistics will tell you that until you can think in a language, you have never really mastered its subtleties. And Hadl thought in Gillman's language.

At training camp in Irvine, California, on one of the University of California's leafy campuses, Hadl tried to become fluent in Schnelker's language. It was difficult for both; the old habits died hard and antagonisms were fanned. Border incidents crackled into open conflict between Hadl and Schnelker as the 1972 season turned sour. Playing as murderous a schedule as a computer ever devised, the Chargers concluded with a 4-9-1 record and their first numbing taste of last

GOODBYE, HELLO

CONTINUED

place. Hadl publicly requested that he be traded.

Late in January, after prudently acquiring the rights to Johnny Unitas, once a nonpareil but now 40 years old and none too agile, the Chargers swapped Hadl, who is 33, to the Los Angeles Rams for Coy Bacon, a first-class defensive lineman, and a runner of promise named Bob Thomas. The feeling among football people was that the Rams had negotiated a very slick transaction.

Outside San Diego and his native Kansas, John Hadl the man isn't too well known. There's a lot of Bart Starr nice-guyness in Hadl. He smiles often and the biggest part of that smile seems to shine from his eyes. It's been said that he's the most popular player in the league. He is instantly likable. His wife Charneil, a pretty and articulate golf champion from Leavenworth, Kansas, says about him: "John's the best liked person I've ever known. Everybody likes John. It's impossible not to. If I weren't married to him, I'd like him for a friend."

Hadl lives well but he's not a man of fancy tastes. He likes *Gunsmoke*, Johnny Cash, Walter Cronkite. In a room filled with flares and flower-print shirts, Hadl will be the one in boots and western garb. "Give John a dish of enchiladas, tacos and refried beans, add a guacamole dip on the side and throw in a pitcher of beer, and he's in hog heaven," a friend once observed.

Out at the Hadl manse, perched on a hill in suburban San Diego, with a grand view of an expansive valley below and the glistening Cuyamaca Mountains off to the east, John puffed agreeably on a cigar and talked about the painful season that had seemed interminable. He spoke in a soft, flatland twang, an accent that Joe Madro,

a former Charger aide, once described as "Kansas provincial."

"Schnelker," said Hadl, biting off the name as though it were a raw persimmon, "he's the way he is. I'm the way I am. We just couldn't communicate. At the start, I figured I'd go the way he wanted with the short passes, the runs, the ball control. But as we got into the season and I had to throw—we were behind a lot—I realized that the structure of the passing game that Schnelker wanted just wasn't feasible. There was no real total concept. They'd say I was wrong, Schnelker and Svare. 'Give it a chance, John,' they'd say. I gave it a chance but I could never get a grasp on what the guy wanted. It went beyond technical football; one thing creates other things. When we started losing, the whole thing was like . . . a big fungus that spreads."

(Bob Schnelker: "We had different philosophies. I can't change the habits of ten years of pro football in three months. John fought me all the way.")

"We had a big, big communication gap," said Hadl. "The other guys would come to me and say, 'What the hell does he want?' After the meetings, I'd tell 'em the best I could. But I didn't understand it myself. I didn't believe in what I was doing, mentally, and physically. A quarterback can't function with doubts."

(Schnelker: "Maybe that isn't the way to say it. Maybe John didn't fight me, but he was skeptical of what I was doing. And that's natural, I guess. He served another coach for ten years. He believes in the old ways. I respect that.")

There was the game against Oakland. Two minutes to play, the score tied, the Chargers had the ball on their own 30. "Obviously," said Hadl, "what we had to do was get into field goal range. So what does Schnelker want us to do? Run.

Run! What kind of a call is that?"

(Schnelker: "I just happen to have faith in my philosophy of offense. I've seen it work elsewhere. I know it can be done. All you have to do is look at the teams in the Super Bowl. Look at Miami. Look at Washington. They're teams that emphasize ball control.")

And there was the game against Pittsburgh, late in the year. The Chargers were coming out on their own 15, the Steelers set in a double zone defense. "Schnelker calls for a short pass to Gary Garrison," said Hadl. "But Gary tells me, as though he had to tell me, that they'll have two, three guys on him. I throw the pass. It's incomplete. Do it again, Schnelker orders. Next time, it's intercepted. No way you can make it work, having to pass into a crowd."

(Schnelker, tossing in a deadpan zinger: "Actually, John didn't do too badly with our system. He threw some interceptions—26. But he's always done that.")

The cigar, half-smoked, had lost its taste and Hadl glumly, methodically, pressed it into an ashtray.

"When you can't commit yourself to a system, everything breaks down," he summed up. "When you come out of a huddle and you know a play you've just called doesn't have a chance. . . ."

"Did it happen often?" I asked.

"Often enough," Hadl said. "I'd call a play in the huddle and I'd hear guys moaning and groaning—they had the same feelings I had. Receivers, especially—they have a feeling for what can go and what can't. I'd hang in there and call plays according to the game plan. 'Won't work,' a guy'd say to me. I'd say, 'Try it, anyway.' How in the hell can you win that way? I'd go back to the sidelines for suggestions and almost always Schnelker would say, 'Run it.' I felt I couldn't operate with him. Therefore, he felt he couldn't operate with me."

The big differences, in time, breed small annoyances that assume larger dimension. "When he talked to the offense," Hadl remembered, "he wouldn't say 'we'—

like 'we' are going to do this or that. It was always: 'You guys do this. You guys do that.' Well, I knew I just couldn't play for the guy, not with the feeling I had that he was about seven years behind the times. Finally, the thing happened that I never wanted to happen: I realized I was hurting the team."

"Where did Sware fit in?"

"Harlan was very fair with me," Hadl said. "We got along well and I think he did a great job. He's a good guy to play for. He traded well and brought in good people. But Harlan's a defensive man. It's what he knows. Harlan said once that he wanted to learn more about the offense, and we'd get together with a blackboard. I'd diagram plays, but I couldn't help but feel it

You could have knocked Roman Gabriel down with a feather when he heard Hadl was a Ram. Gabriel got himself traded.

was new and strange to him. It didn't help much, anyway. I'd have maybe a half-hour with Harlan. Schnelker had eight hours a day."

On the season's final day, Hadl called a huddle with Sware and the team's owner, Eugene F. Klein. "We discussed the ways to go," said Hadl, reconstructing what was undoubtedly an emotional moment, "and we agreed that it was time for me to move on."

But again, Hadl paid homage to Sware: "Harlan kept me informed about all the trade possibilities. He knew that my top choices were the Rams or Kansas City or maybe Green Bay. I told Harlan I didn't want to go anyplace back East."

Hadl went to the Rams, where the front office reins are held by a wise football head in Don Klosterman. Once, long ago, Klosterman was an aide to Sid Gillman with

the Chargers, and he scouted Hadl in his Kansas days and ultimately signed him under the goal posts at the Bluebonnet Bowl.

Klosterman has always admired the Hadl style, his leadership and competitiveness. When he was at Kansas City and then at Houston, Klosterman had tried to trade for Hadl. "John is toughest in adversity, in the way he comes back and attacks you after the team's been nicked by a fumble or an interception," Klosterman explains. "At San Diego, John was forced to be a catch-up quarterback. We'll give him a good defense and he'll be playing winning football for us for the next six or seven years. The real test of a quarterback is what the other quarterbacks say about him and they all respect him. Namath wasn't kidding when he called Hadl the best in the league."



GOODBYE, HELLO

CONTINUED

Los Angeles isn't far from San Diego geographically, but it's light years away in other respects. It's the nation's No. 2 market, site of the Dream Factory, a font for instant celebrities, and Hadl was immediately aware of the difference. When the trade was announced, Hadl was in Palm Springs playing golf. In the foursome ahead, just teeing off, was Bob Hope. They were introduced.

"Great to have you with the team," said Hope, the familiar grin at full candlepower. "Say, how'd you like to play in my golf tournament, a little thing we call the Desert Classic?"

"Terrific," said Hadl.

A small matter, perhaps, but Hadl had never before, in all his years in San Diego, been invited to a Hope tournament. And a football star in Los Angeles also has a good shot at the bigtime TV commercials, dynamite money for endorsements, producers coveting his presence in TV shows and movies.

Hadl has been doing well in the land development business for the last three years, however, and the added financial lure of playing in Los Angeles interests him less than playing for a team with a winning tradition. "These people have proven track records—Carroll Rosenbloom, Don Klosterman, the new coach up there, Chuck Knox," says Hadl. "I won't have any of that personal vendetta stuff going against the Chargers. I just have one goal with the Rams—the Super Bowl."

But John Hadl a Ram? It stuns the senses. It was as though the Old Spanish Lighthouse, the hallowed hilltop monument on the bay where Captain Juan Cabrillo first sighted San Diego harbor in 1542, had been transported up to Sunset and Vine. Move the storied Hotel Del Coronado, a repository of 85 years of San Diego history, into the L.A. Coliseum and that

would hardly be as unlikely as John Hadl putting on a helmet with those odd-looking, hated Ram horns.

Who hasn't heard of Frank Lloyd Wright's line about the continental tilt? The whole country, according to the great architect, had been tilted and everything loose had gone tumbling into Southern California. But the loose parts had actually stopped, any San Diegan will tell you, up there in Los Angeles where driving is like competing in the demolition derby and you get lost on all those dumb freeways and they serve mushroom-burgers in restaurants shaped like hot dogs and the people, transplanted from Iowa, all of them, dress mod-flashy in their Johnny Carson hand-me-downs and the men patronize hairdressers instead of barbers and they like to swap things, such as wives.

San Diego has puffed into a city of over 700,000 inhabitants, 11th largest in the land. But it has retained its touch of grace, with an easy-going atmosphere, not quite *mañana* but not exactly Manhattan, either. In San Diego, they love the Chargers and they loathe the Rams, and now John Hadl, whose arm was almost torn off at the socket one time by a Ram defender, belongs to the enemy.

In Hadl's departure, the resolution of a coach-player dispute, the ultimate irony lies in the years of love-hate wrangling that marked his relationship with Sid Gillman. It was Gillman who shaped Hadl as a quarterback and now time and distance have intensified Hadl's admiration for the man who, this winter, after 35 years of coaching, was appointed general manager of the Houston Oilers.

"We fought like hell," said Hadl recently. Then a note of contriteness crept into his voice. "A lot of it was due to my immaturity. I had too much ego, too much pride. I

always felt like a stepson—I wanted so much for Sid to like me, to accept me, to appreciate me. We fought but always, on my part, with respect. He's a brilliant coach, a super-genius in football. The sad part is that in Sid's last year with the club, we had a good feeling. We understood each other, finally."

"Why did it take so long, John?"

There was an uneasy, rueful smile. "Not winning causes a lot of problems. We'd be watching films of a game we lost and Sid would be on my back—why did you do this and that? I'd sit there with my mouth shut. After a while, I started to talk back, and then Sid began to respect me. Sid will run over you like a steamroller if you let him. I just held it all back too long."

John Hadl is a rarity in being a pro quarterback who wears contact lenses (his 20/200 nearsightedness is corrected to a hawk-eye 20/10), and he may also be the only quarterback who has an ulcer, which came to light, painfully, during the 1966 season. "I ate a big onion one day," says John, "and suddenly my stomach was on fire."

Ironically, it was an even more devastating ulcer that felled Sid Gillman, midway in the 1969 season, forcing him to relinquish coaching for the next year and a half. When word of Gillman's illness hit the wires, one of the many long-distance calls came from old quarterback Norm Van Brocklin, who had had a stormy association with Gillman in the mid-1950s.

The Dutchman inquired about his old coach's health and then he asked, mischievously: "Who gave you the ulcer, Sid—me or Hadl?" It was the first time that Gillman could laugh over his affliction.

Typically, Hadl was one of the first to phone Gillman in the hospital. "Suddenly, any differences they may have had were forgotten," says Charneil Hadl. "There were tears in John's eyes as he talked to coach Gillman. My eyes, too."

As a kid growing up in Lawrence, Kansas, a town of 32,000, John Willard Hadl responded

When you're running away with it.



George Follmer, 1972 Can-Am and Trans-Am Champion, in his Porsche 917-10K

When you're way out in front, you still know if something goes wrong, you could lose it all. That's when your engine needs all the protection it can get.

Valvoline® Racing Oil stands up to the toughest conditions.

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The motor oil the pros run on.

GOODBYE, HELLO

CONTINUED

quickly, naturally, to sports. His father, Jess Willard Hadl, had been named for the old heavyweight champion from Kansas. It was a good place to grow up, in the Middle America of the Truman-Eisenhower years, with the Tom Sawyer summers of fishing and hunting rabbits in the fall.

At Lawrence High, Hadl made All-State and the scholarship offers poured in. Bud Wilkinson almost lured him off to the University of Oklahoma but he remained instead at home, in Lawrence, at the University of Kansas.

Operating under coach Jack Mitchell's split-T, Hadl developed into a Frank Merriwell of the prairies, a triple-threat in the old tradition, twice nailing down All-America honors. The Jayhawkers' press book for 1961 includes only one discordant note among all of Hadl's glowing accomplishments: "Brilliant though erratic passer."

Erratic passer! He was hardly a passer at all. At Kansas, he *rarely* passed more than four times a game—and usually sidearm. But in the game that Don Klosterman, bird-dogging Hadl for the Chargers, saw him in action, he tried a few drop-back passes and was, in Hadl's words, "zingin' 'em in."

The Chargers made him their No. 3 choice. Meanwhile, Detroit drafted him No. 1 and made their bid with the selling notion that he could be another Paul Hornung. "With my dazzling speed," says Hadl, amused at the thought, "how the hell could I be another Paul Hornung?"

Hadl tied a ribbon on his collegiate career by being named the Most Valuable Player in the 1962 East-West and College All-Star games, a hitherto unheard-of parlay, and he hit Charger camp buoyed with confidence. The first day, however, was pure agony.

"They had a passing drill and I

tried like hell to throw a spiral," says John with dismay. "The ball kept wobbling and quacking. I was throwing ducks! I could see the coaches looking at one another, wondering about this hotshot from Kansas who couldn't even throw a spiral. But I was cocky. I knew I'd make the team and somehow learn to pass."



Bob Schnelker's offensive philosophy didn't quite match Hadl's. The coach ended up staying, the quarterback left.

Hadl, under intense pressure from Gillman, did learn to throw a football but he never has become the prototype of effortless grace. Never could he display the easy, inborn passing facility of a Namath or a Unitas. Still, he acquired a position of eminence by combining his talent with the old virtues of industry, discipline, intelligence and the natural leadership of an athlete who has always been captain of every team he has ever played on, from grammar school on through high school, college and

the pros.

Durability has always been a Hadl long suit. Once he played the first half of a game with a 103-degree fever, threw four interceptions and was furious when he was replaced. Not a big man at six feet, 210 pounds, Hadl has yet to miss a game because of injury. An off-season injury, however, came close to ending his career. Horseback riding one afternoon in the spring of '71 with teammate Steve DeLong and their wives, Hadl, an expert horseman, was tossed while going full gallop. His head struck a tree in the middle of the trail. He was unconscious and bleeding and he had swallowed his tongue. DeLong, summoning up his Eagle Scout training, reached in and pulled out Hadl's tongue, a move that probably saved his life. John suffered a skull fracture, a fracture of the floor orbit of one eye and plenty of abrasions. There was surgery and deep concern and, typically, a quick recovery.

The accident helped Hadl realize how vital football was in his life. "They'll have to tear that uniform off my back to get me to leave football," Hadl says. "I like everything about it. I like waking up on game day. I like the feeling of getting suited up, of being taped. I like the tension that builds up inside. I like the feeling of unity, of the guys being together for one purpose, to win. And I like being the leader."

Eleven years as a pro quarterback form a blur of impressions, but a few incidents, revealing moments, can be remembered. There was the final minute of a night game in Shea Stadium with the Jets ahead of the Chargers, 23-20. On fourth down, Ken Dyer, a rookie filling in at right end, romped into the clear at the goal line. Hadl flipped the ball into his hands. Ken Dyer dropped it.

As he was leaving the field, Hadl kept shaking his head. "My fault," he kept saying. "He's just a rookie. I shouldn't have gone to him. It's my fault."

John Hadl is like that. ■

“King of the Surf”



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THE MAN WHO FIRED UNITAS...AND

BY JOHN STEADMAN

John Steadman is the sports editor of the Baltimore News-American. He is a man who gets involved in his subjects. He used to like to catch batting practice for the Orioles, when his knees were more supple, and in 1953, he was one of the leaders of the campaign to bring a National Football League franchise to Baltimore. He has seen every game the Colts have played since then.

When Joe Thomas, the new gen-

John Unitas, traded to San Diego.



eral manager of the Colts, demoted John Unitas from starting quarterback to scrub last season, Steadman requested, and was granted, a meeting with Thomas. Steadman voiced his outrage at the shabby treatment of Unitas, then concluded, "Joe, you can't put a John Unitas on waivers."

Thomas didn't even blink. "Why not?" he said. "He was there before, wasn't he?"

Steadman is now willing to concede that Thomas has a point. Maybe even several points.

Joe Thomas could have done it the easy way. If all he wanted was

Tom Matte, traded to San Diego.



to be hated by every citizen of Baltimore plus the outlying communities, he could have simply said that crab cakes stink . . . or that Chesapeake Bay is an ugly, overrated body of water . . . or that Francis Scott Key couldn't tell a tune from a tuba.

But Thomas decided to take a more dangerous route. He fired John Unitas. He fired Tom Matte. He fired Bill Curry. He fired Jerry Logan. He fired Norm Bulaich. He fired Tom Nowatzke. He fired seven

coaches, more or less. He stopped just short of firing on Fort McHenry.

And for a while, everybody in town fired back. Thomas was called mad, arrogant, abrasive, megalomaniacal, and those were the nicer words. Not since Joe Namath put down the Colts before the 1969 Super Bowl had any one man so united the people of Baltimore.

Joe Thomas just may be the world's worst public relations man. He also may be one of the world's best appraisers of football talent. And as strange as it seems, he may even be on the verge of being loved in Baltimore.

Shortly after Joe Thomas was named general manager of the Baltimore Colts, he gathered the players at training camp and introduced himself. He handled the introduction with typical tact. "I may not

Bill Curry, traded to Houston.



MATE...AND CURRY...AND LOGAN...AND

know your names," said Thomas, "but I know your numbers. . . ."

Thomas' intention was to compliment his players—to demonstrate that he knew and respected their professional abilities, and to imply that it was only those professional abilities that counted with him. He didn't care where a player came from, or how he dressed, or how he styled his hair, so long as he delivered on the football field.

Jerry Logan, traded to Los Angeles.

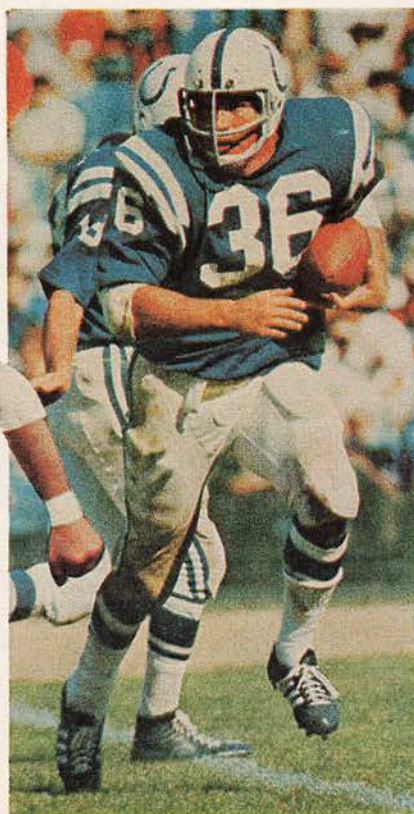


The players took Thomas' introduction as a slap. He was treating them as chattels, mere pieces of property, impersonal objects. They responded on the football field by delivering four defeats in their first five games. That was when Thomas really introduced himself.

On the morning of October 16, 1972, by more than the dawn's early light, Thomas called a press conference and announced that Don

McCafferty was no longer coach of the Colts, John Sandusky was, and that No. 19 was no longer the starting quarterback, No. 14 was. Actually, Thomas had learned a lot about diplomacy since training camp; he called No. 19 by his real

Norm Bulaich, traded to Philadelphia.



name, John Unitas, and No. 14 by his, Marty Domres.

On that day, Joe Thomas became an obscene word in Baltimore.

The Baltimore players had looked at Thomas with suspicion since he arrived as part of the biggest trade in football history—all of the 1971 Colts for all of the 1971 Los Angeles Rams. None of the players moved, but the owners did. Robert Irsay, a heating and air-conditioning contractor from Skokie, Illinois, bought the Rams for \$19 million, then exchanged them

with Carrol Rosenbloom for Rosenbloom's Colts. Irsay was a businessman who could afford the deal. Thomas was the football man who suggested it.

For more than ten years, Thomas had wanted to become general manager of a pro football team. He had helped build two expansion franchises, first the Minnesota Vikings, then the Miami Dolphins, as a scout and personnel director. He had hoped to become Miami's GM in 1971. But he was told by Joe Robbie, the managing partner of the Dolphins, that no such move was contemplated. Robbie instead wanted Thomas to stay in charge of

Billy Newsome, traded to New Orleans.



the Dolphins' talent department, a job he handled superbly, and even offered him an excellent three-year contract with a raise in salary to above \$40,000. But Thomas said no and left the Dolphins.



THE MAN

CONTINUED

Thomas had undergone open heart surgery the previous year and his doctor, Richard Elias, was the brother of his attorney in Miami, George Elias, who also happened to have Irsay for a client. Joe told the brothers Elias of his desire to get back into football, and they led him to Irsay, who put up \$5 million, borrowed \$14 million more from a Chicago bank and became the thus-far silent owner of a pro football franchise. Thomas was given complete autonomy in running the team.

The Rams-for-Colts swap was concluded only days before the 1972 training camp began in Tampa, Florida. There were details to be tied together and Thomas took them on a priority basis. He didn't get around to meeting the players as a group until the practice routine was well under-way.

"I figured with an experienced team and a coaching staff that had been working together, everything on the field would be in good shape. But I found out that it wasn't," says Thomas. "Far from it. I was shocked with the way the team performed.

"I could have gone along as a new man and waited until the end of the year and talked about rebuilding. But I would have been shirking my responsibility, delaying the inevitable. When you know something is wrong, you don't let it continue. You do something about it then and there. Not nine weeks later. That kind of thing is a cop-out."

Thomas' worst doubts about his team were confirmed early. The

Defensive tackle Fred Miller, too old for Joe Thomas' new Colts, will now bring his experience to the ancient Redskins.

Colts lost their opener to the St. Louis Cards, lost to the New York Jets, beat the Buffalo Bills, and then were defeated by the San Diego Chargers and Dallas Cowboys. With the Colts' record at 1-4, Thomas benched Unitas, replaced him with Domres, gave the hook to McCafferty and elevated Sandusky.

Thomas' bold moves shocked his team and the rest of the football world and set the uneasy tone for the remainder of the season. The general manager cracked down in smaller ways, too. For instance, he decided that no longer could the players buy tickets on a take-now and pay-later basis. He said they couldn't dip into their picture files indiscriminately and take photos away by the handful without going through the publicity department.

Then the players started to fire back. They held a meeting and put out a resolution backing McCafferty. They ripped Thomas over the way he was "destroying the family." This charge at first amused Thomas, but then he erupted, "What family? Five or six of them who got special handling? When I do something it will be for 40 players, a coaching staff, a front office of assistants and secretaries, and not for a chosen few. The things I do will be for the benefit of all."

He then went before the squad in another closed-door meeting and told them that if they had anything to say to express it then, to his face, not when he left the dressing room. There was some dialogue, much of it inconsequential, then Roy Hilton spoke up and said something about Thomas hurting his individuality.

"How am I interfering with you, Roy?" Thomas asked. "Do I tell you what clothes to wear, what friends you can go around with when you leave this locker room, or control the places you visit?" End of meeting.

Meanwhile, Domres continued to start and Unitas played only when the youngster got hurt. In Johnny



Offensive guard Dan Sullivan, who started for the Colts for 11 seasons, moves on to a young, successful Oakland team.

THE MAN

CONTINUED

U's last appearance in Baltimore, he gave his admirers something to remember him by, throwing a 63-yard touchdown pass to Eddie Hinton on his last effort. Then, in the finale against the Dolphins in Miami, Unitas came in to throw his last pass as a Colt. It was an interception.

As soon as the season ended, Thomas tore into the Colts. He sent most of the over-30 set to other clubs and the entire coaching staff looking for new jobs. Unitas, the untouchable who had become expendable, was sold for \$150,000 to the San Diego Chargers on January 22, and two days later halfback Tom Matte was sent to the same club for an eighth-round draft choice. Center Bill Curry was dealt to the Houston Oilers for guard Tom Regner and a third-round draft pick. A succession of other trades found fullback Norm Bulaich going to Philadelphia, safety Jerry Logan to Los Angeles, guard Dan Sullivan to Oakland, tackle Fred Miller to Washington and fullback Tom Nowatzke to Houston; all were exchanged for draft choices.

Thomas still didn't have the draft pick he wanted—No. 1 in the NFL. That pick belonged to Houston. Thomas dangled defensive end Bubba Smith as bait, but the Oilers wouldn't bite. So he called New Orleans, the club with the second choice, and traded defensive lineman Billy Newsome and a fourth-round draft choice for the Saints' top draft pick.

When Houston drafted a lineman, John Matuszak, to help their weak defense, Thomas grabbed the prize he had been angling for all along: LSU's talented quarterback, Bert Jones. "It's not often you have the opportunity to pick a quarterback of his ability, but when you do, you take advantage of it," Thomas explained.

Now the Colts have two young

quarterbacks, both strong of arm with good size and running ability. Thomas' maneuvering has substantially reduced the average age of the Colts—and the payroll, as well. In getting rid of Unitas alone, he added \$275,000 to the club's ledger—the \$150,000 he got for him plus the \$125,000 he would have had to pay him for the coming season.

Having made the personnel changes he thought necessary, Thomas then decided it was time to hire a coach. The man he selected was Howard Schnellenberger, offensive coordinator of the Dolphins and a highly regarded student of the game who had worked under Blanton Collier at Kentucky, Paul "Bear" Bryant at Alabama, George Allen with the Rams and Don Shula in Miami.

It has been suggested that a coach could never be his own man under Thomas' strong hand. Schnellenberger doesn't agree. "I think Joe Thomas is much too smart to hire a 'yes man,'" he says.

But others don't think Thomas has respected anyone else's thoughts since he became the most autonomous general manager in all of football.

"He wants to build his own club with his own people," says Fred Miller, who was traded to the Redskins, "so when he does get a winner, he can say he did it all by himself."

"The man messes with your mind, and you can't mess with a football player's mind and expect him to perform to his maximum," says Bubba Smith, who may yet be traded. "He wrote me a letter and said if I missed a treatment for my injured knee, he would fine me. Why did he send me a letter? Why didn't he just tell me? Doesn't he think I have an understanding of what's good for me?"

Clearing out almost a third of the squad and a coaching staff which only two years before had taken the Colts to a Super Bowl championship was not a vindictive thing with Thomas; in fact, he seemed surprised over the furor his actions caused and the resentment which

resulted.

Thomas defends his moves by saying they were done to make the Colts a better team, rather than allowing them to fade into the twilight, enjoying only the reveries of past accomplishments.

No one in Baltimore, of course, wants to watch the dying of a dynasty. But the question they ask is: Did the Joe Thomas Wrecking Company go too far? Couldn't he have brought about the needed changes in a slow, regulated transition, getting rid of the veterans in a more orderly process of corporate phasing out?

Not according to Thomas. He did what had to be done, he says, and it's his belief the Colts will come back so quickly you won't even realize they have been away. That means immediately challenging the Miami Dolphins for leadership of the Eastern Division of the American Football Conference. Thomas could be making the colossal mistake of over-rating his own ability. But if his tactics work, he's going to be hailed as a saint who can deliver miracles.

What he really is, though, is a hard-nosed, uncompromising football man who isn't intimidated by the fear of what the fans think or the newspapers might write. It's refreshing, in a way, to find a man who gives it to you straight in a business that has often become too public-relations oriented. Thomas doesn't try to charm you with captivating eloquence or turn on an engaging personality. He doesn't con you. He's sincere and honest in his dealings. There's a directness to him that is disarming, and he doesn't dance around controversy with a lot of fancy footwork. He plows right in and starts flailing.

Sometimes things pop out of him that lack even the faintest touch of diplomacy. On a TV panel in Baltimore last spring, he was asked what he thought of the present Memorial Stadium, where the Colts have played since 1953, and he answered, "Fixing it up would be like pouring money down a rat-hole."

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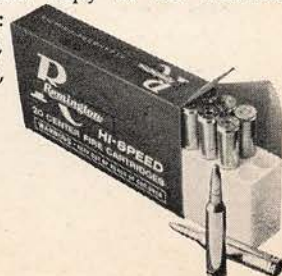
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THE MAN

CONTINUED

He later said it was only a figure of speech.

Refreshing as it is, his honesty wasn't what got him where he is today. It was his eye for measuring football players. His first job with the pros was as an assistant coach under Weeb Ewbank with the Colts in 1954.

The night before the 1955 draft, Thomas got up at a staff meeting and challenged the Colts' draft plans. They had decided to take linebacker Larry Morris of Georgia Tech as their first choice, but Thomas said this would be a mistake since the Colts needed to find a way to score points and should go after offensive help. He further argued that Alan "The Horse" Ameche of Wisconsin was a better fullback prospect than Maryland's Dick Bielski whom the club was thinking of drafting as a local favorite. Thomas was afraid, at the time, that Ewbank would resent a junior officer asserting himself that way. But Thomas' arguments led to a reshaping of the Colts' draft at the 11th hour. Ameche was chosen and became an All-pro performer and a vital part of the Colts' NFL champion offensive attack.

(A parallel of the Ameche-Bielski decision occurred again when Thomas was drafting for the Dolphins. It was in 1967 when the Dolphins were in need of a quarterback. The Heisman Trophy winner that year was Steve Spurrier, Florida State quarterback, and Thomas was aware of the provincial ties which seemed to make the youngster a natural for the Miami club.

"I was being told Spurrier would help us sell tickets and bring a lot of interest to the franchise, which

was still new, but I had my mind made up" Thomas recalls. "I wanted Griese of Purdue because I knew he could do it. I prepared for a lot of controversy, but it wasn't necessary. As it developed, the San Francisco 49ers picked Spurrier ahead of us and this got me off the hook.")

Thomas stayed with the Colts for only one season before moving to the Los Angeles Rams for the next two years. After that, he worked for the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League for three years. By then, the new NFL franchise in Minnesota was starting up, and Commissioner Pete Rozelle, who had known Thomas as an assistant coach with the Rams, suggested he would be a good man



Joe Thomas announces that Howard Schnellenberger, right, replaces John Sandusky who replaced Don McCafferty as the Colt coach.

to handle advance scouting preparations for the new team. He was the first employee the Vikings put to work—before they had a general manager, a coach, team colors, a name or even a football.

Thomas hoped in 1964 to be promoted when general manager Bert Rose left the team, but the job went instead to Jim Finks. Meanwhile the American Football League had come into being and its commissioner, Joe Foss, met Thomas frequently in travels about the country; several times Foss

asked Thomas if he would come over to the AFL side.

When Foss helped the Dolphins get off the drawing board in 1966, he told Robbie, the organizer, that he should go after Thomas. Again, Joe was the initial front-office official hired, and again he was faced with the problems of an expansion team. Not all his draft choices were instant sensations, but he made some exceptional selections—prominent college products such as a Bob Griese, Larry Csonka, Bill Stanfill, plus such little-known free agents as Manny Fernandez and Karl Noonan.

When Thomas was doing the dealing, Miami got Paul Warfield, Larry Little and Nick Buoniconti in trades. Of the 40 Dolphins who took the field for the Super Bowl last January, Thomas was responsible for scouting, drafting and signing at least 28 of them.

Thomas was never really satisfied with the Dolphins, however, since he wasn't running the whole show. Now that he has autonomy as the Colts' GM, he is making the most of the opportunity, doing everything the way he thinks it should be done. And with a new season approaching, the shouting about

Thomas' methods seems to be quieting down. Businessmen in Baltimore want a winner and are even talking about applying Thomas' methods to their work: doing anything at all to produce a winner, even if that means ridding long-time employees.

Joe Thomas has not quite replaced Johnny Unitas as a public hero. The kids playing football in the sandlots alongside the Beltway don't run around saying they want to be Joe Thomas. But if the Colts, by some miracle, do manage to beat out the Dolphins for a division championship this season, that, too, may happen. They may not know Joe Thomas' number, but they won't forget his name. ■

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The Poor Man's JOE NAMATH

BY JIM O'BRIEN

In the summer of 1965, a pair of unusual rookies showed up at the New York Jets' training camp in Peekskill, New York. One arrived in a green Lincoln Continental, armed with a multi-year \$400,000 contract. The other arrived in raggedy cut-down Bermuda shorts, scraggly sneakers, a frayed football jersey and a golf cap, the whole outfit tied together by a pair of black suspenders; as long as he could last, he was guaranteed expense money of \$49 a week. The two young men were certainly dif-

ferent from each other, as well as from everyone else, but they shared one strong bond: Neither wanted to go back home to the steel mills of western Pennsylvania.

Eight years have passed, and each of the two has gone on to make his mark in professional football. The \$400,000 rookie turned out to be a bargain. He personally established the American Football League; he forced the merger of the AFL and the NFL, and he made the Super Bowl the most spectacular single annual event in

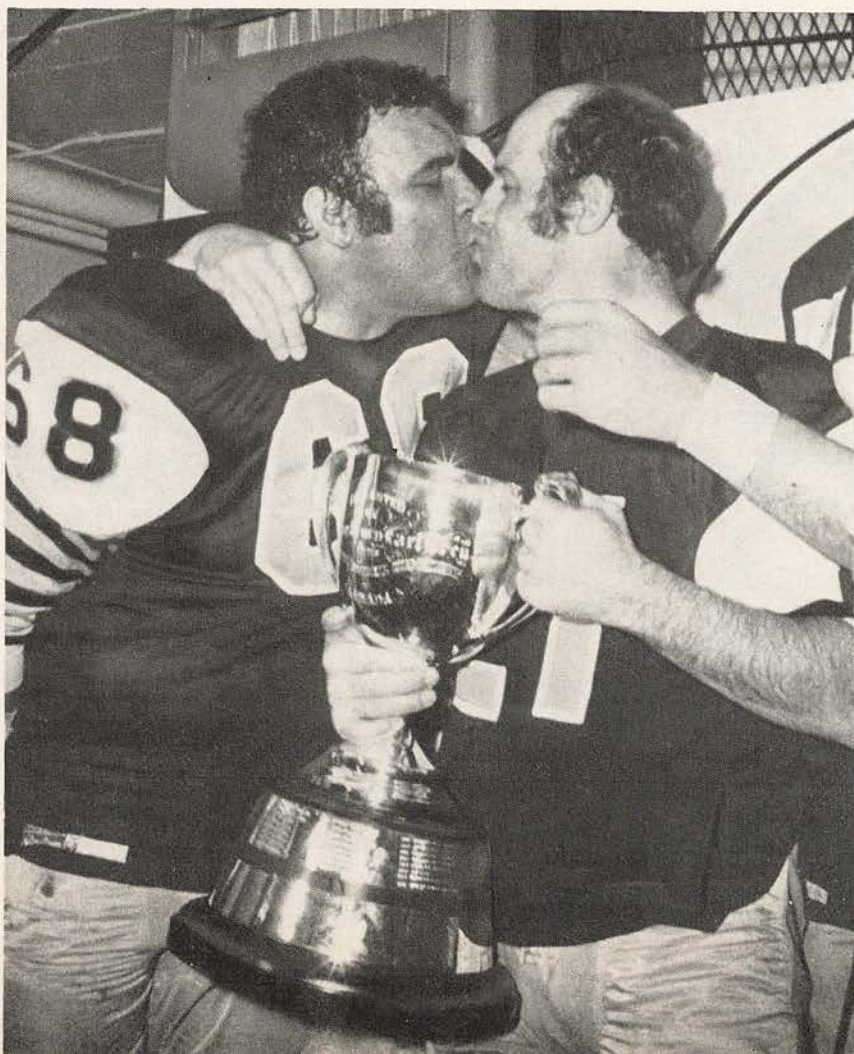
sports. He has become a legend in his own time.

The \$49-a-week rookie hasn't done too badly, either. Like his more expensive contemporary, he gained enough fortune and fame to open his own saloon. He hasn't made any movies or any Olivetti commercials, but last year, at the end of his eighth professional season, he played in a championship game and scored a significant touchdown. In fact, his touchdown helped the Hamilton Tiger-Cats beat the Saskatchewan Roughriders, 13-10, for the Grey Cup, the Canadian football equivalent of the Super Bowl. For his team's Grey Cup victory, he collected \$3,500, the Canadian equivalent of a \$15,000 Super Bowl share. His name is Dave Fleming, and he is—in his own wild way—a legend. He is the poor man's Joe Namath.

Dave Fleming did not make it with the Jets in 1965. He did not have a lot going for him. He was only 20 years old. He had never played college football. He had split one season between the taxi squad of the Pittsburgh Steelers and the backfield of the semi-pro Pittsburgh Valley Ironmen. Fleming lasted exactly two-and-a-half weeks with the Jets, just long enough to make a fleeting, but enduring impression on his more famous teammate.

Namath, out of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, and Fleming, out of the Hazelwood section of Pittsburgh, both respected the value of

Dave Fleming, with Grey Cup, rarely poses without a hat hiding his bald spot. He's known as a fighter, not a lover.



a dollar—and the value of a little flair. When Joe would drive around in his green Continental, with his name engraved on the dashboard, Dave would sit in back and wave to everyone. One day, they decided they wanted to drive down to New York City to go to the World's Fair. Once they reached the Fair, they decided they didn't want to pay the \$2.50 admission price. "Joe *thought* it was a little steep," Fleming recalls. "I *knew* it was a little steep. So we ran and hurdled the turnstile and got in for nothing."

Another time, Namath and Fleming went to Joe's apartment in New York City. The apartment was on the 16th floor of a luxury building. Namath went up and down by elevator; Fleming insisted on walking both ways. He didn't have any faith in elevators, he said. When they reached the apartment, they were both hungry. Namath opened the refrigerator and found nothing inside but one uncooked egg. "Joe," Fleming said, "you better just throw that egg out the window. You ain't gonna eat it while I'm starving."

Namath threw the egg out the 16th-floor window.

Namath has neither seen nor heard from Dave Fleming since they were teammates in 1965. But the memory lingers. The first time I met Namath, a few years ago, I mentioned to him, as an ice-breaker, that Dave Fleming and I were old friends. We'd grown up only a block apart in Hazelwood, a milltown within a milltown. We threw rocks at each other as youngsters, his brother once pulled a pen-knife on me during a basketball game, and we played sandlot football together. I told Joe I'd seen Fleming only a few months earlier, in Miami, where I was then working and Dave was vacationing with his wife, Susan.

To cut the vacation costs, I told Namath, Dave and his wife shared their room with a friend of Dave's, Jimmy Nolf. Each day, Fleming and Nolf went to a different local blood bank and sold off a pint of

their best at \$12 a shot, anything to defray the high cost of Miami. One night, Fleming and Nolf got into a battle at a Miami pool hall, fought their way out using cue-sticks as swords, then dashed barefoot across a parking lot strewn with broken glass.

Namath broke into a big grin when I told him the stories. "That's Fleming, all right," said Namath. "Hasn't changed at all. He was sure wild."

Back in Hazelwood, wild was about the nicest thing anyone ever called Dave Fleming. He was always a hardnosed competitor who enjoyed getting into scrapes and raising hell as well as playing football. Namath was the same way growing up in Beaver Falls, but he picked up polish along the celebrity trail. Fleming never did.

Many of Dave's closest friends are either in jail or on parole. Fleming himself does not have a record; no one could ever catch him. When we were kids, the cops used to chase us off the street corners. Dave would sit on the sidewalk long after the rest of us had run away, until the door opened on the patrol car at curbside. That's how we found out how fast he was.

Some of the guys we grew up with are now dead. One was killed by an overdose of drugs. Another was dumped into the river for failure to turn in his "numbers" money, and still another was killed falling drunk into a moving bus.

Dave, his wife, Susan, and their two-year-old daughter, Jill Susan, now live in a rent-controlled housing project just across the river from Hazelwood, which was recently declared a "blighted area" by the city government. But Dave still spends his time in Hazelwood, and, at 28, his carryings-on are as crazy as ever. He's still barred from the same drug stores, restaurants and hangouts he frequented as a teenager—especially the diner he once entered at midnight, snatched a man's fried egg off his plate and ate it, then squirted mustard into a huge whirling fan. He's also not

welcome in more than a few of the neighborhood's taverns. His bizarre behavior has changed little since his first drunken brawls.

Perhaps Fleming might have changed a little more if he'd gone to a high school with a better football team. He was the star of his team, but they lost so many games that he attracted no college scholarship offers. So he played sandlot football after high school, caught the eye of a Pittsburgh scout and was offered a tryout in 1964.

One night, two weeks before his tryout with the Steelers, I was with him in a cocktail lounge called the Coral Inn, just outside Pittsburgh. A big guy standing at the bar started calling Fleming names, taunting him to go outside and fight. I begged Dave not to do it, telling him he might break his hand and blow his chance at pro football. Fleming nodded in agreement. Several of his buddies, however, got his ear. "You're not gonna take that, are you, Dave?" they said.

Now we were in the parking lot. Dave's adversary was assuming a boxing pose. Dave took off his sport shirt, revealing a football jersey underneath. It had the same effect as Clark Kent becoming Superman. Before the cops came, Fleming punched the guy's face to a pulp. Three times Fleming's fist was off target and hit the hubcap of a car. He kept right on punching.

Fleming was a sensation in the Steelers' training camp, but Buddy Parker, coaching the club for the last time, complained that Fleming went through the wrong holes and didn't remember the plays. At 19, his lack of experience was showing. Fleming had to have the plays written on his wristbands. But when the squad had a cross-country run, Fleming finished first. A rock-hard six-feet, 205-pounder, Dave has always been a fanatic about keeping in good shape. In scrimmages, he scored touchdowns. In the exhibition games, though, all he did was return kickoffs.

Fleming was kept on the taxi squad, however, and he put in game time with the semi-pro Pittsburgh

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Poor Man's

CONTINUED

Valley Ironmen of the Atlantic Coast Football League.

I asked Dave recently how he felt about missing out with the Steelers now that they've won the first division title in their history.

"I have no regrets," he said. "I don't think I ever coulda played for the Steelers. My reputation in Pittsburgh woulda prevented it."

After Fleming failed to make the Jets in 1965, he took advantage of an offer he'd had the year before and signed with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the Canadian Football League. He's been there ever since—during the football season. Off-season, he's back in the Hazelwood area. Dave's father-in-law got him a job in the mill several years ago. He stayed two days. He found his natural offseason vocation when he opened his own bar.

"It was the biggest zoo that ever existed," Fleming boasts of his Broadside Inn. "Whoever came in was a psycho." Whoever was behind the bar wasn't much different.

The Broadside was less plush than Bachelors III. It was done in basic black; the decorator must've done boxcars on the side.

Just before he went bankrupt from his bar, Fleming decided to close the place this past February. It made a lot of people happy in Hazelwood, with the exception of the other bar owners in the area. "They're living in fear that they'll pick up Fleming's old trade," said a man in the business.

I wish I'd been there the night Fleming closed the Broadside Inn. The *Titanic* didn't go down as eventfully. There were ten or 12 football players from the University of Pittsburgh on the premises for the finale.

Fleming said to the Pitt players,

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"C'mon, we're going to see what youse guys are made of. Youse got your team here, and I'll pick mine."

With that, Fleming reached behind the bar and grabbed a white towel. He twisted it a few times, and announced, "Here's the ball!"

The area was cleared of its few pieces of furniture. The field was about 15 yards long, with a hard-tile playing surface, bordered by a wall on one side and a bar with a footstep on the other. Pitt had greater size, but Fleming's players had more experience playing under special conditions. Neither team realized at the outset just what skills this unique game of indoor tackle would demand.

On the second play, a fellow named Fran "Pinhead" Herzog, who grew up on the same street as I did and whom I once watched Fleming flatten with a single punch for staggering into our basketball game, crashed head-on into the bar-step. It took 17 stitches to close

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the gash in his face. He had refused to remove his overcoat to play, and it was covered with blood.

Altogether, three participants reported in that night at Presbyterian University Hospital for repairs. Tommy Campbell, a man who witnessed the contest, called it "the Game of the Century." "There must've been a bucket of blood on the floor," he said.

At the conclusion of the contest, which lasted an hour and a half, Fleming chastised the Pitt players. "If you SOB's were this tough on Saturday afternoons," he said, "we'd beat Notre Dame."

Then he pointed to the door, whose thickness was foreboding,

Poor Man's

CONTINUED

and told them. "The only way you're going to get out is to knock down that door." He tossed the key into a nearby garbage can. One of the biggest Pitt players, a sophomore weighing about 240, retreated a few steps and started for the door, shoulder first. The door went down like a drawbridge.

With that, everyone, including Fleming, walked out into the morning and went home, leaving the Broadside Inn behind them forever. "The next day," adds Fleming, "they found the juke box, the cigarette machine and two pinball machines opened up at various corners around Hazelwood."

Fleming has fought friends and enemies, just for the hell of it, ever since he first learned how to fold a fist. He still hasn't learned how to tie a tie, or behave, but that's the beauty of the beast. He's a football player, through and through.

It bothers him that he's bald, so he wears hats all the time. His straw-colored sideburns are fuller now, his face more grizzled than ever. He has a complexion of concrete. Life, to him, is one big challenge after another. He takes on all comers. He'd have eaten the lions along with the Christians.

In Canadian football, Fleming—part blocking back, part receiver—earns a salary of about \$30,000. And in Hamilton, where he's known as "The Fly," he's a hero."

That's where we headed one day last winter. We were going to a testimonial dinner honoring Angelo Mosca, a defensive tackle who was retiring after a fine career. Fleming was a featured speaker.

I was picked up by a car driven by Dave's friend, Tommy Nolf. We had to make a stop at a neighborhood tavern so Dave could pick

up a sports jacket for the dinner. He doesn't own any. I'd have bet a bundle that there was no way anyone could walk into a bar that hour of the day in Hazelwood and walk out with a sports coat, but Dave did.

I remembered that Fleming was always afraid to fly on airplanes, and he hadn't changed. He was soothed somewhat, however, by the presence of Steve Smear in the seat ahead of him. A former Penn State All-America, Smear is a middle linebacker for the Montreal Alouettes. Steve greeted Fleming by saying, "Hey, madman, how are you?"

When Smear learned that Dave's teammate Gary Inskeep was meeting us at the airport in Hamilton, he rolled his eyes toward the ceiling. "He's notorious in Canada," said Smear. "He's just like Dave."

I'd already heard stories about Inskeep. One night at the Broadside Inn, he shot the lights out with a 300 magnum rifle. Then someone told Inskeep that there was a bi-racial hippy commune in a big house across the street. Inskeep fired one shot through the window of the building, then shot the lock off the door. The hippies hit the street and never looked back.

As we checked through customs upon arrival at the Hamilton airport, I spotted this big, beefy-faced guy in a dark blue beret, wearing a blue sports jacket about two sizes too small, shouting to the officials to check us out real good. He was waving bottles of beer. The beer was for us. It was Inskeep.

The streets in Hamilton were slick from snow. Inskeep shot out of the parking lot, roared down the highway and kept turning completely around, sipping his beer and talking to Dave. I was scared.

Five minutes later, we were stopped by the police. Inskeep kept offering the arresting officer a cheese sandwich. "Don't worry," Fleming said. "They don't mess with football players here."

Inskeep protested when the police seized an eight-pack of beer. "Look," he said, "just take two of them for evidence, but give me the

rest for my friends." The police insisted that Susan drive, gave Inskeep a traffic ticket and told him he'd have to appear in court on a drunken driving charge.

Hamilton was made for Fleming, and he for its football team. It's a milltown, often referred to as the Pittsburgh of Canada. Its football team has its own reputation. Joe Theismann, the former Notre Dame quarterback who now plays for the arch rival Toronto Argonauts, once said of the Tiger-Cats: "They are cheap-shot artists who don't know what the game is about. They think it's a street fight."

The Grey Cup game was rough—three players were stretched out in the first four minutes—and as Fleming said, "They don't hit any harder anywhere else." Not since they closed the Broadside Inn.

I'd never come up against guys like some of the Hamilton football players. Jerry Williams, the Tiger-Cats' coach, was there, and he brought some restraint to the players' reunion. Williams has the pained expression of a man who's wearing tight shoes or has coached the Philadelphia Eagles. He'd gone from being last in the NFL to first in the CFL in two years and seemed to be still in shock.

"If I graded Fleming for tangibles," said Williams, "I'd have cut him. You can't, though. He's the kind of guy who'll come up with the big play, like he did in the Grey Cup game. He won it for us."

And what about Fleming's off-the-field antics? "We don't hear about it," said Williams.

Fleming ended up wearing one of my sport jackets to the banquet because it went better with the slacks he'd brought along. I tied his tie for him. I told him I wanted the jacket back immediately after the dinner. I didn't want to risk it over the long evening. Inskeep might've set fire to it.

I never did get to say goodbye to Dave. I had an early morning flight the next day. I'd heard he had two fights in as many nights at local bars, however, so I knew he'd enjoyed himself. ■



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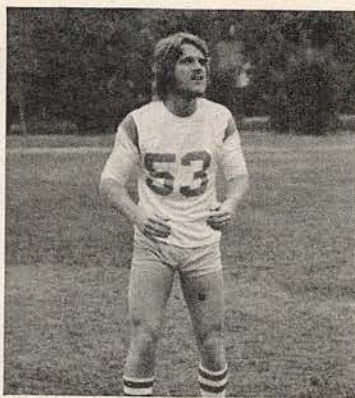
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At Wide Receiver For The Rams, DINO MARTIN?



BY LANCE RENTZEL

It was just a touch-football game in Coldwater Park in Beverly Hills, and the split end, a thin, good-looking guy with sandy hair, was sprinting downfield on a deep post pattern. He beat his man easily, and the quarterback lofted a perfect pass. The ball hit the receiver in full stride, a perfect play except for one hitch: The split end dropped the ball.

"Nice catch, Skilletts," somebody yelled, referring to the end's hands.

"Jack Snow can miss, too," the intended receiver shouted back.

"Maybe. But you're no Jack Snow."

A few minutes later, the split end dropped another pass. "Way to go, Jack," an opponent needed.

The end glared back. "Okay, so I dropped a couple," he said. "But I'm still better than any of you guys. And if I put my mind to it, I could make the Rams."

Laughter. Dissolve.

Three months later, Dino Martin walked onto the Los Angeles Rams' practice field in Long Beach, California. The son of singer Dean Martin, an ex-teenaged rock star himself, only 21 years old, the pos-

essor of absolutely no high school or college football experience, Dino was reporting for his first tryout.

He was no longer dangerously thin. He had put on 15 pounds, up to about 170, with a dedicated weightlifting program. Assistant coach Jack Faulkner tested Dino on the weights, put him through agility drills, then clocked him for 40 yards. Dino ran 4.6, excellent time. Faulkner didn't trust his watch. Dino ran another 40 yards. Another 4.6.

Dino then ran a few pass patterns against another young prospect. He got open consistently. Faulkner suggested a few moves, designed to test Dino's instincts; he made the moves perfectly. Then Faulkner put Martin up against a cornerback who had spent the previous season on the Chicago Bears' taxi squad. Dino dropped the first pass thrown to him and ran the wrong route the second time. Then he settled down and caught five passes in a row. Faulkner was impressed.

Dino Martin is gutty and gifted, which isn't a bad combination. At 21, he has been a rock star, a top-level tennis player, a professional

auto racing driver and a jet pilot. He has married the girl he decided to marry even before he met her (Dino saw Olivia Hussey as Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*, set out after her and won her), and he has survived both the burdens and rewards of having a rich, famous father. He has survived without losing his sense of humor.

A couple of years ago, Dino played in England's Bristol tennis tournament, a prestigious event that attracted, among other stars, Rod Laver, Stan Smith and Arthur Ashe. Dino was awed by the competition; his primary concern was to try to act as if he knew what he was doing. He studied the stars' mannerisms, their dress, their equipment. He figured he'd get by if he did everything the way they did.

He was doing fine till he looked at the bulletin board and discovered the name of his first-round opponent: KEN ROSEWALL.

Dino's palms turned wet with perspiration. He considered walking out and defaulting, but it was too late. He decided to play it cool. He strolled out to the court, introduced himself to Rosewall and began chatting away pleasantly.

Nonchalantly, he stepped onto center court. Just one problem. Dino had forgotten his racquet.

He lost the match, 6-0, 6-0. But he never lost his daring.

The Rams open training camp in mid-July, and the odds are infinite that on opening day, the center of attention will be John Hadl—not Dino Martin. Dino probably won't even be there. He has to survive one more preliminary tryout before getting invited to camp.

But even if he never gets to pull on a Ram jersey, Dino will have proven his point: That Walter Mitty lives.

If Dino doesn't make it this time, I suspect he'll try again next year. And I'll be rooting for him. I'd like to see him make it—even if he has to beat me out to do it. As a matter of fact, he can have my world. All he has to do is trade me his in return. ■

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"... a black form surged toward us. I could see the Manta's mouth—big enough to swallow a man whole. And as I hitched on to his back, I remember hoping I hadn't arrived in time for the midday meal.



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SPORT SPECIAL

The 1972 Olympic Games are long over, but the bitter memory persists—a memory first of massacred Israelis, then of incredible foul-ups for the U.S.

U.S. OLYMPIC HOUSE: CASTLE UNDER SIEGE

BY SKIP MYSLANSKI

The building sits on Park Avenue in New York City, flanked by a church on one side, a high-rise apartment on the other. Two flags fly from the second-story balcony, betraying the building's function. The first is the Olympic flag, five interlocking rings on a white background; the second the blue-and-yellow flag of the United States Olympic Committee.

In a different time, in an easier day, Olympic House stood firm as the center of America's international athletic efforts. But now it is a castle under siege: The USOC's methods are questioned, performances criticized, competence doubted. Even its intentions and purposes are damned, often in bitter and vituperative terms. Some label its policies arbitrary and its board of directors self-perpetuating and unrepresentative. Others consider its attitudes callous and its actions selfish, accommodating only the needs of officials rather than those of the athlete.

In the wake of Munich, the critics are everywhere. Bill Bowerman, track coach at the University of Oregon and head coach of the men's track and field team at Munich, says of the USOC leaders: "They're interested more in their pension fund than they are in taking care of their athletes."

Brooks Johnson, coach of the Sports International Track Club in Washington, D.C., and an assistant coach of the women's track-and-field team at the 1971 Pan-American Games, insists: "The Olympic Committee doesn't run its office like a business, but like a plantation. The Olympics is their own little experimental farm."

New York Knick Bill Bradley, the former Olympian and Rhodes Scholar, has written a letter for the Forum for Contemporary History, calling for a total reexamination of the Olympics and of America's Olympic effort. Congress continues to hold hearings, and some half a dozen bills are in the works, all aimed at the problems of amateur athletics in this country. Perhaps the most significant challenge comes from a group called the Committee for a Better Olympics, which has drafted its own constitution and seeks to have Congress revoke Public Law 805, the law which chartered the present Olympic Committee in 1950.

Philip Krumm, the new president of the USOC, acknowledged the unrest while accepting his post in February. "I believe," he said, "that this criticism has shaken us out of our complacency and has given us a new direction for our activities."

Robert Kane, the Committee's first vice-president, added: "We can no longer tolerate tawdry politics. We can no longer treat our athletes as mindless chatels. If we don't put our house in order, someone else will put it in order for us."

A month later, Arthur Lentz, the USOC's executive director, sat behind his desk in Olympic House and admitted: "I don't blame the public for its reactions. . . . There was that sudden, raw exposure through television, and anything bad that happened was imprinted on their minds. They *had* to accept it as an indictment of the United States Olympic Committee."

Recently, the USOC took steps to regain the confidence of the athletes and the public. They adopted recommendations to the International Olympic Committee for revisions in the eligibility code, which would, among other things, allow pro athletes in one sport to compete in another sport in the Olympics and allow athletes to be reimbursed for money lost while training for and competing in the Olympics. Some have hailed these recommendations as a major, if belated, breakthrough; others felt they were too little, too late, and were only undertaken because Munich forced the USOC to do something.

Munich's Olympic complex stood on majestic display, a sprawling, \$650-million setting. The day before the opening ceremonies, American quarter-miler John Smith stood in the middle of the Olympic Village and looked down on the crowded miniature golf course, the Ping-Pong tables, the sidewalk chessboards. "Man, it's not like Cali," he said, referring to the Colombian city which hosted the Pan-American Games the year before. "I tell you, there you had some excitement. You had people jumping off buildings, assassinations, fights, all kinds of things. It got the adrenalin going. Here, you just slide along."

"Give it time," said Byron Dyce, the middle-distance runner from New York University and Jamaica. "It may happen." Then Dyce thought for a moment, and added with a smile: "No, I take that back. I don't think the Germans would let it happen."

The Germans planned the Games as an award winning GP movie, frame following frame in cheerful sequence; instead, they produced an X-rated horror film. After the Games ended, Zdravko Pecar, a Yugoslavian shotputter who studies at Brigham Young, decided to drive 300 miles to his home, rather than fly with his national team. "It's too scary," he explained. "It's too dangerous. Even here, you look up at night and see four guys with machine guns on the roof."

Six months later, Pat Matzdorf, the world-record

holder in the high jump who missed the Olympics because of injury, sat in a New York hotel room, resting before the national championships. "I watched the Olympics on TV," he said. "It was like watching your super-hero fall flat on his face."

Upstairs, in the same hotel, John Smith and Chuck Smith (a 200-meter finalist) also reminisced briefly. "I'll tell you, man, it was an affair to remember," Chuck said.

"No," said John. "It's an affair to forget." Then he paused, and added softly: "I wish I didn't make the Olympic team."

For Duane Bobick, the heavyweight boxer, the problems began early. He arrived at the team's training camp in Bear Mountain to find that he didn't have a suitable sparring partner; he boxed in a specially constructed, outdoor ring, and caught a cold that stayed with him through Munich; he reached Germany 16 days before he competed, forced to spend nervous weeks wondering when he would eventually fight. Only on Friday did he learn he would box a Russian on Sunday; on Saturday afternoon, he learned it would be the next afternoon rather than at night, as he presumed. Then on Monday he learned he would face his toughest competition and the eventual gold-medal winner, a Cuban, on Tuesday; not until Tuesday morning did he learn *that* fight, too, would be in the afternoon. "ABC knew a week before when I would be fighting," Bobick recalls. "But our damn coaches and managers couldn't find out. Why the hell couldn't *they* find out when I fought as soon as ABC did?"

Bobick was not alone in his problems. In Colorado Springs, the basketball team, already handicapped by the absence of some prime college players, was selected by an unwieldy, tainted formula. Five groups (AAU, NAIA, NCAA, Junior Colleges and Armed Forces) had filled their allotted spots on the 66-man training squad; the same five then had representatives choosing the members of the team. The head coach, Henry Iba, did not personally select any players for the Trials, only one for the Olympic team itself. "It's a totally unworkable situation," says Indiana basketball coach Bobby Knight. "The way it's set up now, it just lends itself to mediocrity."

More controversy greeted the team in Hawaii, where it went for intense (and necessary) pre-Olympic workouts. But as guests on the Pearl Harbor base, they were obliged to follow cafeteria hours arranged for sailors: Breakfast at seven; lunch immediately after mid-morning workouts; dinner immediately following afternoon workouts. Most players, though, were accustomed to no more than liquids after a strenuous practice. Swen Nater, a center at UCLA, quit the team after losing 25 pounds.

At the same time, the women's track-and-field team was assembling at its training camp in the humid and solitary environment of Champaign, Illinois. When discus thrower Olga Connolly arrived, she immediately

asked the head coach, Dr. Nell Jackson, where the weight room was located.

"There isn't any," Dr. Jackson answered.

Another coach, Randall T. Lambert, became the object of outright ridicule, the women ignoring his advice and calling him nicknames ("Lambchops" was one of the nicest). Lambert's deficiencies finally became so obvious that the women's track-and-field Olympic committee, which had appointed him coach, wanted to remove him. "They *wanted* to," says another coach, who had girls of his own on the team, "but they were afraid to set a precedent. So the athletes suffered. It seems the athlete always comes last."

The men's track-and-field team, traditionally the star in America's stable, was not immune to the afflictions of Munich; it was almost fatally wounded by mismanagement (both trivial and serious), politics (both implicit and explicit) and festering discontent (both spoken and unspoken).

The rumblings began early, at the Trials in Eugene, Oregon. But in men's track, unlike other sports, the talk concerned itself not with competition, but with finances. Specifically, there was considerable debate generated by the fact the USOC did not pay any expenses for track-and-field athletes at the Olympic Trials.

"Whenever we invite the athletes to be part of a training squad, we assume the expenses," explains Art Lentz of the Olympic Committee. "It was true in basketball, because basketball was not a trial. We invited a certain caliber player. If track and field did this, with certain numerical limitations, we would pay. But now it's open to any qualified athlete who wants to participate. And we just can't financially bear it." But, the plaintiffs say, track athletes must meet Olympic standards in order to compete in the Trials. Shouldn't this be the same as an invitation? "Most of those kids were out there at the expense of their clubs or their schools," Lentz counters. "There weren't that many at their own expense."

But there were some, and head Olympic track coach Bill Bowerman attempted to alleviate their burdens. First, he requested permission from the USOC to accept a \$50,000 gift from General Motors, to be used for athletes' expenses; the Committee denied the request, telling Bowerman to advance the money to the general fund. (The money, finally, went to no one.) A stubborn man, Bowerman then tried a second attack. According to him, the organizing committee in Eugene had committed itself to a \$100,000 gift to Olympic House (Lentz says the promise was \$300,000); when it became obvious beforehand that receipts from the Trials would far exceed the \$100,000, Bowerman asked if he could use the surplus to house the athletes and to deduct it as a meet expense. The Committee

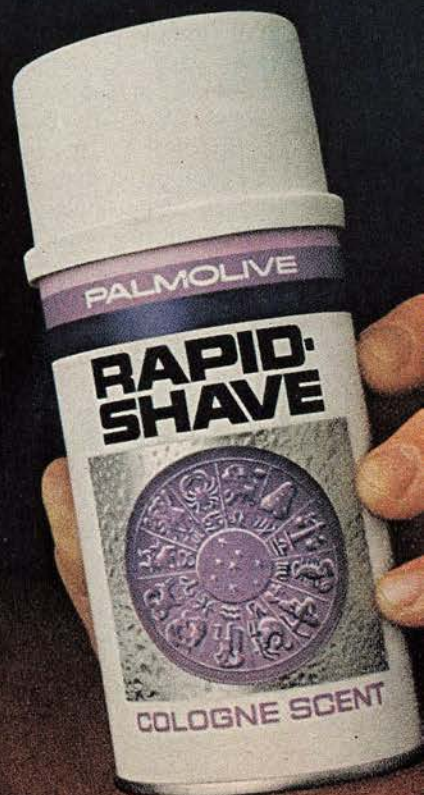
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refused, saying it would set a dangerous precedent.

In the midst of this administrative battling, a team was chosen, dates for a voluntary training camp in Maine finalized and plans for an equally-voluntary meet and training camp in Oslo, Norway, revealed. Most athletes followed the schedule, and by the time they arrived in Germany had been away from the States nearly five weeks. "I was with them in Oslo," recalls Mark Winzenried, a half-miler who reinjured himself at the Trials and didn't make the team. "I could just see them wilting. I couldn't believe this lifeless group was going to an Olympic Games."

The weather, the food, the accommodations, the training facilities, the environment—each in turn was soon indicted by the discouraged and disgruntled athletes. Yet their greatest animosity was saved for the reasons behind the trip: Some claimed it was arranged by the Olympic Committee to help save expenses; others, that they were forced to go because the AAU had a television agreement with Sugarman Productions and CBS, an agreement which had to be filled with Americans in certain European meets.

Three large, tightly-packed cardboard boxes were piled carefully one atop another, dominating the narrow and cluttered room. Behind them, his diminutive frame almost hidden, Reynaud Robinson stood over a table. A locker full of clothes sat in the corner next to him. The blue-and-red suitcase of the United States Olympic team lay at his feet. He moved slowly, purposefully, lifting a blue warmup jacket and pulling the zipper closed, then laying it down and folding it precisely. That afternoon eight men would run in the finals of the Olympic 100-meter dash. Rey Robinson, co-holder of the world record, would not be one of them. "Yeah, I'll be back to the Olympics," he said softly. "I'll be back, if I don't change my mind. It can't happen as bad as this one again."

Rey Robinson's Olympic experience had opened with a flourish, only to dissolve finally into bitter disappointment. It started at the Trials in Eugene, when he finished a surprising second in the 100 meters and tied the world record of 9.9. It ended on a bright afternoon in Germany, when he and Eddie Hart failed to arrive at the stadium in time for their second 100-meter heats. (This story has been documented and thoroughly discussed. But one little-known fact: Each morning, a designated track-and-field manager was expected to post starting times for that day's events at the main entrance of the athletes' dorm. On the day Hart and Robinson missed their heats, the manager assigned was on a sight-seeing tour in Austria.)

But even before this final tragedy, Rey Robinson's expectations had been dampened: His place on the

400-meter relay team had been given to Larry Black. The action had come immediately after Robinson, hampered by a slight muscle pull, performed poorly in the team's first race in Norway. But to some people, the explanation was not Robinson's performance. "There are very few black head college coaches in America," explained a black coach who was in Munich as an observer. "They look out for each other, take care of each other. Now Doc Walker (Larry Black's coach at North Carolina Central) is trying to build a program and he'd like a gold medal to take back there, and where's your best bet to get a gold medal? The 400-meter relay, right? So Stan Wright [Olympic coach in charge of sprinters] is taking care of Doc."

Robinson never accused Stan Wright of playing politics, but the sprinter was obviously unhappy. "Man," he said, "I took off summer school, took off from my job, practiced, all to make the relay."

Six doctors, 12 trainers, two nurses, six USOC officers, a personal staff for executive director Art Lentz, one attorney—a total of 168 officials accompanied 447 United States athletes to the Olympics in Munich. "In the sum total against the sum total of athletes it looks top-heavy as hell," Lentz admits. "But when we get there we really don't have enough people to handle things the way they're supposed to be." And so difficulties mounted, with overwhelming regularity: The track-and-field officials were totally ineffective in the pole vault controversy. ("The coaches were more flustered than the athletes," recalls vaulter Steve Smith, whose pole was banned. "Then they wrote a seven-page letter in protest. It was like an essay test you'd written about a book you hadn't read. I laughed when I saw it.")

Swimmer Rick DeMont lost a gold medal because of the drug he took for his asthma. (The team doctors hadn't told DeMont the drug was barred by the IOC.)

The same doctors failed to tell shotputter George Woods that he could compete with his painfully sore wrist taped, if he had a medical certificate. ("When I found out it was too late," Woods says. "No doctor or team manager told me—and they knew how badly I needed the tape. With it, I'd have won.")

The day before he competed in the shotput finals, Al Feuerbach walked over to the supply room for a new pair of sweatpants. His old ones were too tight and kept him from warming up properly. When he got to the building, the team manager told him, "Gee, I'm sorry, Al. It's too bad you weren't here earlier. We put them away two hours ago and we can't help you."

"Let me restate the problem," Feuerbach said. "I compete in the Olympic finals tomorrow and I'd like a new pair of sweatpants."

"Sorry, Al," the manager insisted. "It looks like you wore those already and we can't take them back."

"Look," Feuerbach said. "You're here to help the athletes, not watch TV. Now if you don't help me, this might be in the papers." At that, the manager backed down, and Feuerbach got his new sweats.

Though in itself small, as Feuerbach himself admits, the incident symbolized a problem many athletes found even more disquieting than the coaching deficiencies. "They do nothing for an athlete except as an athlete," explained Vincent Matthews. "They ignore the courtesies."

"I'll tell you what a courtesy is," says Willye White. "I feel every member of the USOC should know every athlete on the American team. They should be able to walk up in the village and say, 'Hi, Willye,' or 'Hi, John,' or 'Hi, whoever.' I tell you why. Other countries, dignitaries come over and they know everyone. But our Committee people just know the super, super, superstars. They barred Vincent [Matthews] and Wayne [Collett] from the Olympics, right? But all they'd have to do is change their names and run. No one on the Committee would recognize them."

Most of the criticism we're receiving I consider old hat. They're talking about what happened at the Munich Games. Well, that's past, gone, buried. I'm concerned with working toward the future, and I think we've made significant steps in this direction. . . . Frankly, I don't think we have problems now. We're moving full-speed ahead.

—Philip O. Krumm, president, USOC, March, 1973

On September 21, 1950, the 81st Congress approved Public Law 805 and, in effect, chartered the United States Olympic Association. (In 1964, another Act of Congress changed the name to the present United States Olympic Committee.) The purpose of the group, said part of the law, would be "to exercise exclusive jurisdiction, either directly or through its constituent members or committees, over all matters pertaining to the participation of the United States in the Olympic . . . and . . . Pan American Games . . ." Since then, the USOC has effectively wielded that power—sometimes judiciously, sometimes capriciously, always with certain, final authority.

The Committee itself is, in sheer numbers, a mad-deningly complex and ponderously structured body. "We're an organization of organizations," says executive director Art Lentz. "We're like the old woman in the shoe who had so many children she didn't know what to do." Before the NCAA withdrew its membership, the Committee was composed of some 225 organizations—ranging from the AAU (in Group A, paying \$2000 yearly dues) to such as the Knights of Columbus, New York News Charities, Inc., and the Order of DeMolay (each in Group E, each paying \$10 yearly dues). It controls, through its sports committees, coaching assignments, development programs and representation for all Olympic sports. It receives and distributes at its whim all money designated as dona-

tions to the Olympic Fund. And it depends, mostly, on well-meaning and unpaid voluntary support. (Only some 26 full-time staff members of Olympic House are paid; the current president also gets an expense account and money for an office and a secretary in his home town.)

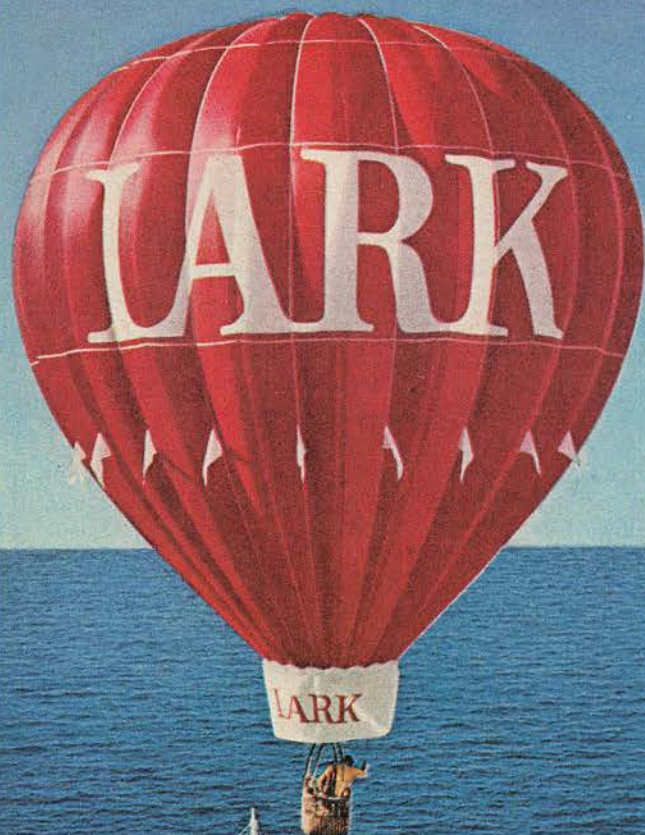
But the true power is finely concentrated: First, in the 60-member board of directors; then, even more exclusively, in the 21-member executive board. They have been, and continue to be, self-perpetuating bodies, rewarding the faithful, anxious to preserve power, opposed to any uninvited intrusions. The rise of Philip Krumm characterizes the system: He began as an active speed-skating official, helped organize the United States International Skating Association, was appointed to the board of directors 12 years ago, managed the speed skating team at Innsbruck in 1964, served as an administrative assistant at Grenoble (1968) and Sapporo (1972), was chairman of the USOC Development Committee for the past quadrennial, and the first vice-president from 1970 to his election as president last February. Now 66 years old, the semi-retired businessman lives on a 200-acre farm in Kenosha, Wisconsin.

At its meeting early this year in Colorado Springs, the USOC surprised many and lessened the exclusivity of its ruling bodies by appointing seven athletes to the board of directors and three to the executive committee. For Krumm, this solved the problems. "They [the athletes] have a direct voice in the Olympic Games now," he says. "If there are problems, you might say they will only have themselves to blame. That's been our real, No. 1 problem. The AAU-NCAA thing, that's all secondary to this. We'd let our communication with the athlete flounder. But now the athlete's flabbergasted. They're having a hard time believing it. They're saying, 'We're part of it? Really?'"

All athletes are not so awed. Eighty of them responded to a poll taken by the Committee for a Better Olympics, asking whether they favored a restructuring of the United States Olympic Committee. Seventy-nine answered yes.

The job of a USOC sports committee is, simply, to make arrangements for the participation of that sport's team in the Pan-American or Olympic Games. It recommends coaching and managerial positions; it supplies the method for choosing the team; it arranges pre-Game training. All these plans are submitted to and reviewed by the full board of directors or a group appointed by the board. By count, there are 37 sports committees (both summer and winter). Fourteen of the 37 international franchises are held by the AAU, including the most visible—men's and women's track and field, men's and women's swimming, men's basketball and boxing. And it is this enfranchisement that

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translates into real power—power not only to arrange and control the international competition in your sport but also, under the USOC constitution, to rule that sports committee virtually for eternity. Two amendments have assured this: The Sulgar, which automatically gives a majority of votes on any one committee to the international federation member; and the Greenbriar, which makes it necessary to get permission from a majority of the USOC's board of directors in order even to *apply* for an international franchise.

The NCAA's feud with the AAU and the USOC can best be characterized as a classic confrontation between the ambitious outsider and the entrenched, defensive ruler. It is, perhaps, an inevitable situation, the result finally of the unique state of amateur athletics in the U.S. For on one side there is the international Olympic structure, based solely on conditions in other countries, where international franchises are held by the same bodies which control the country's sports. And on the other there is the United States, where the educational community handles most of the athletics most of the time, but has little to do with international competition.

In January 1963, the United States Gymnastics Federation became a viable body and began investigating the possibility of securing the international franchise then held by the AAU. Frank Bare, the federation's executive director, wrote to the International Gymnastics Federation (FIG) asking for information. FIG replied that it was not its concern, to contact the USOC. Bare followed with a letter to Tug Wilson, then the USOC's executive director, and received a similar answer—we have nothing to do with it. Years passed, until finally in 1970 the federation formally applied to FIG for international enfranchisement; in October, FIG ejected the AAU and recognized the federation as the new international representative for the United States. Shortly thereafter, the Greenbriar Amendment was passed. (At that time it demanded a two-thirds majority from the board of directors; only this year has that been changed to a simple majority.) Says Bare, "The AAU woke up."

Concurrently, the newer United States Wrestling Federation was moving into a position to replace the AAU as the franchise holder in that sport. For at its 1968 meeting in Mexico City, the International Amateur Wrestling Federation (FILA) had declared that within two years all its members should be single-purpose sport bodies, rather than part of any umbrella organization. It was a demand heartily endorsed by FILA's president, Frenchman Roger Coulan, a man hoping to rid himself and his organization of the AAU.

He got his wish: In 1970, the AAU lost its franchise and United States representation in the body was placed in limbo, not to be decided until FILA's next meeting in 1972.

In the intervening years, the USWF heavily involved itself in wrestling development. According to Ken Kraft, wrestling coach at Northwestern University and president of the federation, it spent \$154,000 during that time, compared to \$4000 spent by the AAU. It initiated an exchange program with the U.S.S.R., giving United States wrestlers the essential experience of top competition. (After the U.S. victories in Munich, Kraft was approached by a Russian wrestling official. "You people owe me a special award," the Russian said. "You guys have done so well from wrestling against us.") And it sponsored a training camp in preparation for the 1971 World Games. Indeed, after his success at the past Olympics, Dan Gable told Kraft: "Without the federation, I wouldn't have won a gold medal."

But Roger Coulan died in January 1971 and was replaced by Milan Ercegan, a Yugoslavian sympathetic to the AAU. So in Munich, the franchise (by a vote of 59-0) was re-issued to the AAU—whose wrestling committee, though still part of the whole, is now an autonomous body.

Kraft says he has heard that pressure was put on FILA's delegates, warnings that if the wrestling federation succeeded, there would be revolution. Independent federations would arise in all sports. "I heard," he says, "that they were told, 'It's bigger than wrestling. You better not even let them get close.'"

The final section of the act chartering the United States Olympic Committee calls for a yearly financial statement, to be transmitted to Congress by September 1 of the following year. It provides but one limitation: "Such reports shall not be printed as public documents." But the figures *are* available, and as they've slowly become more widely known, pressing questions have begun being asked. For in the latest-available statement (year-ending December 31, 1971) the USOC listed a total fund balance of \$5,965,799.

Almost all this money is tied up in security investments (common stock, corporate bonds and government securities) that the Committee has accumulated since 1952. Most was gained between 1954 and 1960, when there were sizable surpluses in fund drives and fortunate investments on Wall Street. In 1957 alone, the Committee's balance doubled from \$2-million to \$4-million. "It was intended that Olympic House would be supported by the income off these investments," Lentz explains, "leaving us with the theory that every dollar that we got in on contributions went solely for the purpose of participation in the Games. That hasn't been possible for the simple reason that the demands on Olympic House have tripled in re-

sponsibilities."

Still, these investments do provide an important source of income to the Olympic Committee, supplying over the last four years some \$1.4-million to its quadrennial budget of \$8.5-million. The remainder was raised through various means. The biggest contributions—totalling some \$2¼-million—came from corporate identifications. "The basic contribution last time was \$30,000," Lentz explains. "That gave the corporate person the right to identify himself with the United States Olympic Committee." There were about 38 of these. "Then," Lentz continues, "there were a number of them who sought to have public promotions of their product—like Coca-Cola—who then had to pay an additional \$100,000 or more, depending on the success of the project." (Sears, which provided the uniforms and luggage for both of last year's teams, contributed one-half million dollars in cash and merchandise.)

Another half-million was realized from what Lentz calls "miscellaneous, house accounts"; and some \$800,000 from direct television fund appeals. (For the last two Olympics, the television networks did not pay the USOC for the right to show various trials; instead, they provided advertising spots—"Contribute \$5 and receive an Olympic patch.") The remainder of the \$8½-million came from national fund-raising committees.

"At our quadrennial meeting," executive director Lentz says, "our treasurer made a report which was, in effect, that we broke even in our operations for 1969 to 1972 included. That means taking care of every damn thing you can think of. . . . It's a good achievement, inasmuch as we ran into snags in the last year, you know, because of the temporary depression and the Games. We had a lot of contributions during the Games, but only small ones. The big stuff dried up with our problems. We had a goal of \$10-million and, frankly, two years ago we were fully expecting to meet it. But we weren't able to because of circumstances."

Yet the questions persist. Frank Bare claims the USOC had a \$1.3-million surplus over the past four years. Some doubt the necessity of a trust fund at all. (Fred Thompson of the Atoms Track Club says: "To my mind the Olympic Committee should be broke at the end of every four years.") Others, vociferously attack the \$1-million reserved for pensions.

The IOC's annual expenditures are interesting: In its December 31, 1971, financial report, the USOC lists over \$938,000 in administrative expenses for that year (including over \$324,000 in salaries and over \$322,000 in promotion); for the same year it spent just over \$809,000 on development in 35 sports (the greatest disparities: \$143,000 for men's track and field, and only \$16,000 for women's track and field; \$18,000 for

men's swimming, and only \$459 for women's swimming). And there is no comprehensive plan governing these disbursements. "There is no consistency involved," Dr. Clifford Fagan has said. He is a member of the USOC's board of directors and has served on the Olympic Development Committee. "Those good, nice governing bodies that continue in support of the general program get the funds. In other words, if you are a rebel, then you do not receive any money."

I not only tacitly support the Committee for a Better Olympics, I whole-heartedly support it.

—Bill Bowerman, head coach, men's track and field, Munich, 1972.

It's a joke.

—Philip Krumm, president, USOC

In the past, bad Olympic experiences quickly faded from memory and were forgotten before the next Olympics began. (The track team's tour in Oslo closely paralleled a similarly-disastrous trip the 1960 team took before the Rome Olympics. It competed in Switzerland, then endured a 13-hour train ride, complete with 22 stops, through the Alps, back to Rome.) But in Munich, the problems multiplied with such relentless force that no amount of rhetoric, no amount of flag-waving, no amount of official pretense managed to cover their horror. So now the questions continue to be asked.

The most visible interrogators speak in Congress. Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska, citing a 1965 study done at the request of Lyndon Johnson, has proposed the establishment of a National Amateur Sports Development Foundation, to help finance existing organizations. Senator James Pearson of Kansas looks to create a special sports subcommittee within the Commerce Committee. Senator John Tunney of California wants the President to appoint a nine-member body to review all the aspects of United States Olympic policy. And a special education subcommittee in the House of Representatives has held hearings on the bloody NCAA-AAU dispute.

But the most drastic proposals have come from the Committee for a Better Olympics, a heterogeneous gathering of concerned athletes, coaches, administrators and citizens-at-large. Their goal was simply expressed in a telegram they sent to President Nixon last December: "We are united in our conviction," it read in part, "that a new organization to replace the present United States Olympic Committee is essential." To some, including USOC President Philip Krumm, the organization is no more than a tool of the NCAA.

(Says Krumm: "It's a move by the NCAA to get control of something they don't deserve.") But for the athletes involved, it is at least a hope. "The AAU, the USOC, they do their jobs so badly," says Ralph Mann, a silver-medalist in the 400-meter hurdles at Munich.

The new group's constitution aims at involving all interested and qualified individuals. The basic structure would be state Olympic committees; the value of this, the new group theorizes, would be to return power to the people and to encourage in-state development programs. (For example, California would be more concerned with track, swimming and basketball; Colorado, with skiing and winter sports; Oklahoma, with wrestling.) Delegates to the full Olympic Committee, chosen from the state committees, would serve limited terms, thereby, the group feels, cutting down on politics and ending self-perpetuating leadership. Athletes would hold one-third of the places on the board of that Olympic Committee. The new group would appoint qualified specialists to administer operations, fund raising and public relations.

Despite its admirable aims, though, the group has failed to deal with the complex problem of establishing itself. For under existing rules only the International Olympic Committee (IOC) can recognize a national Olympic committee, and thereby sanction participation in the Olympic Games. So even if Congress did revoke the present Olympic Committee's charter, the spectre of the IOC would then be faced. "And," Art Lentz warns, "the IOC doesn't have any complaints with us."

Lentz, though admitting that many of the athletes' complaints are valid, sees a lack of reality in the Committee for a Better Olympics' efforts. "They just haven't given any thought to the international structure," he says. "And I don't think the athlete's interested in administration at all. The thing to do is to bring them in and listen to their problems, then try to rectify them within the administrative structure. But to have them as administrators? That's like letting a high-school machine shop class design the next motor for Detroit. I don't think they're capable or interested."

No one believes the situation is perfect; all agree changes must be made. Yet those in power still seem more interested in playing chess than in solving problems. And then only the athletes suffer, for they are the weakest of pawns in this high-staked game.

Willye White has survived through the years admirably, but looks back with some bitterness upon her five Olympics. "I look at other countries and see how they prepare their athletes," she says. "They take pride in them. But this country doesn't do anything for you until you're on the victory stand. And then they tell you how to act once you're up there, act with pride and dignity."

"Hell, if they want to tell me how to act, let them do something to help me get up there. Let them do that, then I will be proud."



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A WOMAN'S TOUCH



Bobby Riggs slew the Great Emasculator.

When Bobby Riggs celebrated Mother's Day on national television by whipping the skirt off Margaret Court, the predominant reaction seemed to be a mixture of awe and reverence, primarily for the quality of Riggs' con. He had managed to persuade the public that there would be drama and perhaps even viciousness in a match that turned out to be totally lacking in either.

My own reaction was slightly different. Bobby Riggs' performance did nothing to elevate my low opinion of men's tennis. I have no desire to atone for Margaret Court by beating Bobby Riggs. As a matter of fact, I don't even want to beat Bobby Schwartz, who lives down the block. My idea of bliss would be never to play tennis with men, and never to watch them play against each other.

My opinion is based purely on personal experience. Not with Stan Smith or Ilie Nastase or Rod Laver. My experience has been with men of lesser ability, but equal self-esteem. I am talking about the men who, far from Forest Hills, play tennis on courts next to women, the men who make a pretense of teaching tennis to women—in essence, the men who felt that Margaret Court was, potentially, the Great Australian Emasculator.

For the record, I'm not a pitty-pat player. My dedication to tennis is roughly akin to my dedication to breathing. I am out there on the clay, carpet or concrete every chance I get. But I'm out there with other women. We know how to play the game. We know it's a game.

I concede that we're sometimes too kind and that we tend to compliment each other whenever a rally lasts five seconds or more. But I'll take our doubles game any day over the average Fearsome Foursome on the adjoining court.

There they are, alligators on their hearts, blood in their eyes and swords at the ready. For them, a double-fault is an amputation. Missing an easy backhand is a national crisis. When they let one go by at the net, they turn to Ritual: The head goes up to heaven, the feet execute a backward shuffle, the arms spread wide and the lips form the silent prayer, "Why me, God?"

They are not playing tennis. They are in show business. They are showing each other, their mothers, fathers, wives, children and accountants what they're made of. It ain't sugar and spice. They are out to kill, pummel and plow, to exorcise personal demons. Grace turned to aggression, pleasure converted to pain, they sweat up to ecstasy.

At a famous tennis ranch, a friend of mine and her group were warned by the only female pro on the staff, "Ladies, none of you should ever play the backhand court in mixed doubles. It looks bad for the men. Remember: They have to go to the locker room afterward!"

The locker room! Those poor guys. I wonder what they do in that sacred locker room to the hapless fellow who let a woman play the backhand court. It must be horrible beyond conjecture. Maybe they cut ruffles into the offender's shorts, or athletic supporter.

My own tennis lessons began with a joyful, much-trophied lady who immediately encouraged me by shouting, in a perfect upper-class accent, "Neat shot," whenever I managed to land the ball close to the perimeter of the court. Under her kind tutelage, I was passing fair by the third lesson, and by the tenth, I was pretty good. She dismissed me saying she had taught me all she knew. I wanted more. I couldn't have learned that fast. I decided to go to a Man.

A male tennis pro is not a teacher. He is an opponent, a lesson I quickly learned. My first male pro was Peter. I put one away; he hit me with the next, a solid shot to my left breast. It was just, as he put it, to teach me to turn. When I continued to betray him by slipping shots past him, he decided to demonstrate perfect placement. He got my elbow, my hip, my fibia and my gluteus maximus. I left the court that day convinced that Peter was only an aberration in the otherwise wonderful world of canvas shoes and good manners. Until I faced my next male pro.

He was a seasoned champion of 60, who drummed into me the ground rules of intimidation. "Always walk up to the net looking mean," he instructed. He did an impression of a sumo wrestler. "Remember the name of the game is to get the ball back, keep it in play." He showed me lobs and chops, overhand smashes and mid-court cunning. He began the hour smiling. He smiled until my forehand showed signs of promise, and my backhand approached the sound barrier. He then finished the hour demonstrating a top spin so lethal that the ball might skid off my laces and break my glasses.

That was my final experience with male tennis pros. Somebody's dignity was at stake, and I knew it wasn't mine.

—ELINOR KLEIN



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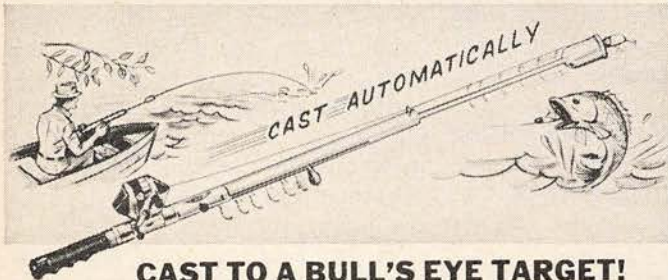
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It was nighttime, and the floor of the Stardust Casino in Las Vegas was packed with people. On one side of the vast room, a long line of well dressed people stood patiently, waiting for the start of the evening dinner show. To their left was the baccarat table where one Chinese gentleman and four beautiful shills were attended by three young dealers in blue dinner jackets. To the right were the many blackjack tables, and farther down were the crap tables where eager gamblers craned their necks around each other to get a good view of the dice. Bobbing through the crowd, a little shorter than most of the people but young and quick and muscular, came Billy Ross, a pool hustler.

"Well, what you doing," he said, a greeting not meant to be construed as a question. He thrust his hands into his clean white double-knits and pulled out a small bankroll of several hundred dollars and started counting it down. "I been doing pretty good since I came out here," he said. "You know, I took off some pretty big scores," he said, suddenly lowering his voice to a confidential whisper. "I had a chance to take off some serious money in this one spot. They jarred me. Know what that is? Dropped a pill in my coffee. I was playing some \$50 nine-ball, running rack after rack. Then they jacked it up to a hundred, and I drank that coffee. Hit me with the jar. I couldn't see a thing. It was like my mind was paralyzed. Like I didn't know where I was at. Why I was missing balls that was this close to the hole," he said, thrusting his money back into his pocket and holding his hands about six inches apart for emphasis.

"This town has got me going crazy," he continued, "but I'll take off a score. You watch. Listen, I've

got to go. Check you later." He dashed off in his quick strutting walk to another whispered, confidential rendezvous, disappearing in the vast crowd of people that moved in a slow circle around the casino floor.

Like many of the pool hustlers in America, Billy Ross was making his annual pilgrimage to Las Vegas for the Stardust Open, not to compete in the tournament, but to have a good time and watch and be around his friends. Though Billy once finished eighth out of 24 in a nine-ball tournament with some of the better players in the country, he was never really in the champion's class. But that did not stop him from coming to watch the pool tournament and gamble and have a good time.

Less than half of the 144 entries in the 1973 Stardust Open had any real chance of getting part of the

\$37,000 in prize money, and most of them would consider themselves lucky if they won back their entry fees. All the same, they had come from every part of the country, from Boston, from Miami, from Phoenix, from Los Angeles, to see and be seen, to play pool and to gamble. And in their wake came a host of lesser players and pool lovers who came to watch, and some who came to bet on the tournament games and side bet on the money games that invariably started after midnight. The tournament room was on the second floor, and downstairs there was plenty of diversion for those who got weary of pool—blackjack, slots, dice, baccarat, poker, the Lido show, the Kim Sisters singing in the lounge, and several bars and restaurants. Of course, if anyone wanted to walk outside the door, there was the rest of Las Vegas.

Paulie Jansco is a pool promoter. He originated the Stardust Open in cooperation with the casino management a decade ago; in 1961, he, along with his brother, the late George Jansco, started the Johnston City, Illinois, Hustlers' Tournament. Being a good promoter, Paulie cares about making a profit, and profit in pool tournaments is tied to the number of entries, because entries are usually accompanied by an entry fee. In the past the tournaments at Johnston City and

the Stardust had had three divisions—one-pocket, straight pool, nine-ball; the winner of each division played in a short round-robin of nine-ball, straight pool and one-pocket with the other two winners. The winner of this round-robin was then crowned the winner of the tournament and received some extra prize money. This year the format at the Stardust was the same, except that there was no straight pool. Eight-ball was substituted instead.

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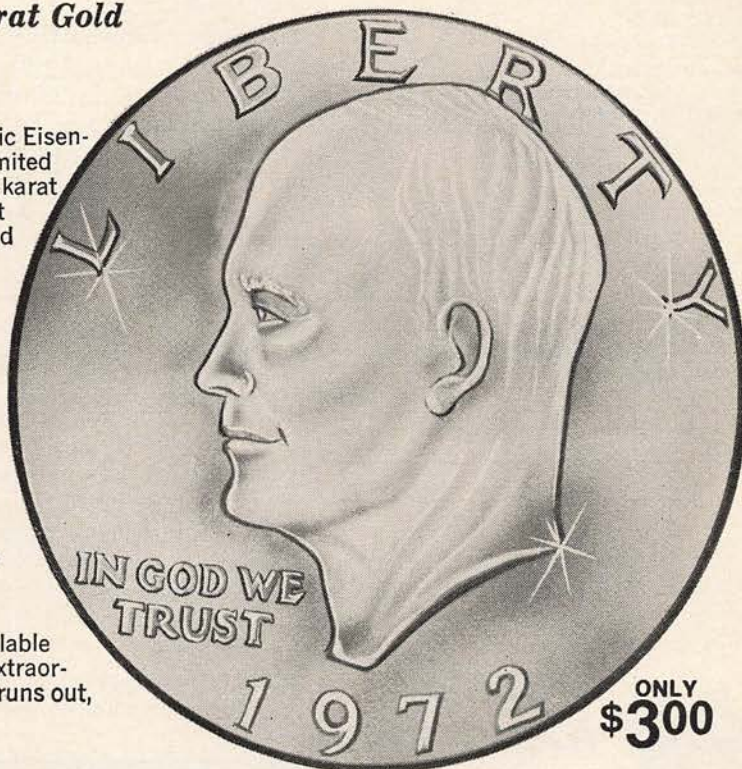
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SHORTY

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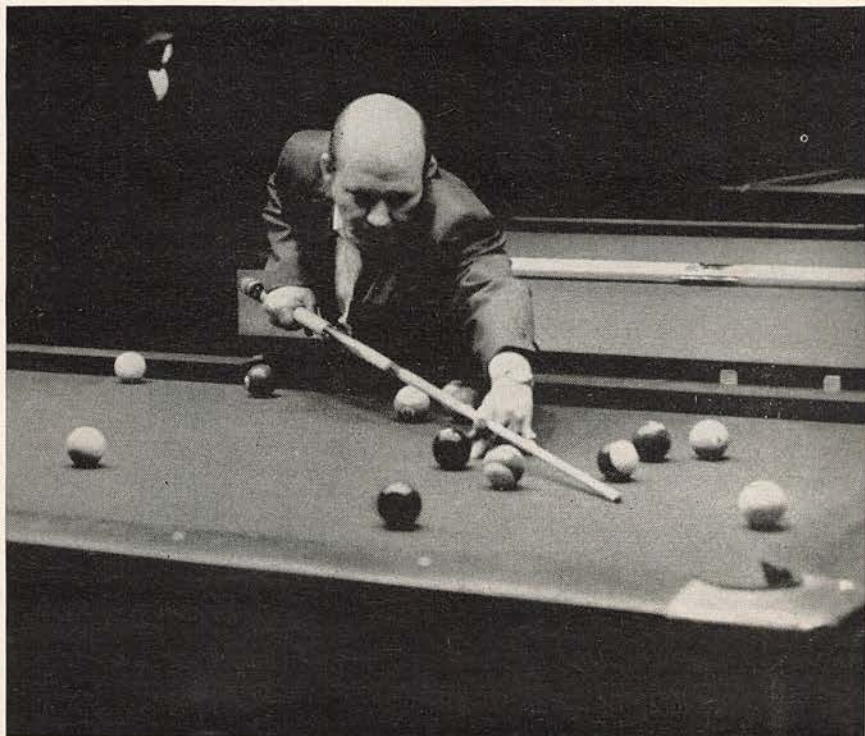
ball rack is used and the ball and pocket the ball is intended for has to be named by the shooter—has traditionally been the championship game of pool. Willie Mosconi, for many years recognized as the best pool player in the world, won his recognition in straight-pool tournaments. Luther Lassiter, the kingpin of pool in the 1960s, got TV coverage and acclaim for his victories as a straight pool player even though he was the best nine-ball player in the world during this time and it was generally conceded that his straight-pool game did not quite match up to his nine-ball. Nine-ball is the most popular game for hustlers; the rule in this game is that the lowest numbered ball on the table must be hit first, and the game is won when a player pockets the nine. In the movie *The Hustler*, Paul Newman played nine-ball in a sleazy dive where he got his thumbs broken, but he played straight pool against Jackie Gleason for the big money.

But Paulie Jansco cares about entries, and straight pool draws few entries. Straight pool today is dominated by Steve Mizerak and Irving Crane and Joe Balsis and Luther Lassiter, with only a few other players having a chance to win a straight-pool tournament when the top four are entered. Behind the scenes, there were arguments between Joe Balsis and Paulie Jansco, with Balsis claiming that Jansco needed him, and Jansco claiming that it was he that Balsis needed. As a result, Crane, Mizerak, Balsis and Lassiter did not come to the tournament, and the eight-ball division drew a flock of entries.

The Stardust Open, as always, was a double-elimination tournament. When a player lost for the first time, he slipped to the losers' bracket. The winner of the losers' bracket then had to beat the winner of the winners' bracket twice if he wanted to win the division.

Pre-tournament favorites were last year's winner, Jim Nataya, a smiling-faced young man with long,

"They're scared," Boston Shorty said at the start of the tournament. "They haven't seen me playing like this for years."



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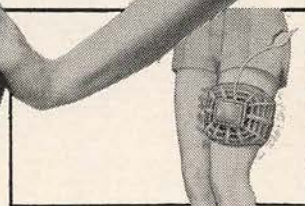
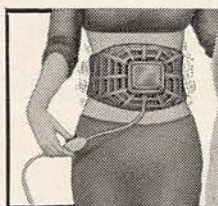
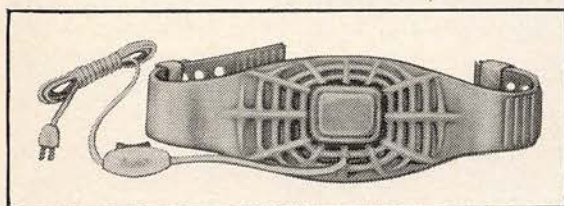
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SHORTY

CONTINUED

wavy blond hair; Bill Staton, a millionaire gentleman-gambler who had won the one-pocket the year before; Ronnie Allen, a loud-talking, annoying and super-talented one-pocket player; and Richie Florence, a quiet young man from Redondo Beach, California, who once won over \$100,000 playing baccarat. In one way, the tournament was a contest between the younger players and the older, more established professionals: The younger players, such as Mataya, Allen and Florence, all have beautiful pool strokes, flashy clothes, \$100 bills that they spend like nickels, great pool ability, and pride in how good looking they are. The older professionals, all of whom have spent sad hours busted out in Godforsaken little towns that no one ever heard of, are tougher mentally and more conservative.

Boston Shorty was sitting in the Palm Room of the Stardust munching his way through a breakfast special of eggs and sausages. His bald head gleaned in the artificial light. He raised his head up and looked straight ahead, and then went back to the yellow egg yolks breaking over his toast, talking as he ate. "They're scared. They haven't seen me playing like this for years."

It was the first week of the pool tournament, and Boston Shorty of Cambridge, Massachusetts, born Larry Johnson, was undefeated in all three divisions. He had won more one-pocket titles in the big tournaments than any other player in the country. ("What did I ever get with that title? A cup of coffee.") For years his hero had been the late Johnny Irish, a fine straight-pool and three-cushion player, and for years, like Irish, he had worn a hat on his head when he played. Now all he cared about was the cash.

There were the long days in the

late 1960s and the first year or two of the 1970s when things did not roll his way. He stayed at his mother's house in Cambridge and spent the hot summer days in the dark recesses of the Norfolk Cafe and drank screwdrivers, ordering two doubles at a time, while he cussed the Red Sox and watched them blow another crucial game. And then he would walk across the street to the pool room looking for a \$2 nine-ball game that he would get just because he was a champion. He would sit around, talking, waiting, watching, smoking and then when the pool room closed at midnight, he would buy a pizza with peppers and go home alone and watch the late show and eat the pizza in front of the screen and fall asleep on the couch. And then things got worse, and he had to drive a Yellow Cab part-time. "I heard he is quite a pool player, that short fellow," the other drivers would say.

Boston Shorty finished his eggs and toast, pushed his plate away and lit up a cigarette. "These tournaments are funny things," he said. "You've got to be lucky. I once had a chance to win the whole thing against Lassiter and I played good for a while, and then I started missing little short shots a baby could make. Me. Missing ones like this. And the same thing happened against Worst. I think they must have put a pill in my coffee. Done something to me. When I was in Hawaii a couple of years ago, playing Bing, the Hawaiian, some three-cushion, the same thing happened. The first day I get \$400 ahead, and then they give me this coffee, and he gets even. The second day I get maybe \$330 ahead, and he gets even. Now the third day he has to go somewhere, had an appointment or something. So I go out and lay on the beach and then it suddenly comes over me. It must have been the coffee. So the next time I get like \$400 ahead and then they press me to have this coffee—real anxious-like—but I get a Coke out of the machine instead. And I beat him out of \$730.

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SHORTY

CONTINUED

And after that, they didn't ask me to play no more. I guarantee you, I watch what I drink around these tournaments these days."

There were four players left in the semi-finals of the eight-ball. Richie Ambrose, one of the younger players, won and advanced to the finals. Boston Shorty was leading Cicero Murphy, the finest black player in the country, six games to five, and he was shooting. He ran off all the solid balls, but the eight-ball was in an impossible position a few inches off the rail blocked by one of Cicero Murphy's striped balls. Boston Shorty could not cut the eight ball in one corner pocket, nor could he bank it in the other. "Eight ball corner pocket," he called out, and pointed to the pocket across from the eight with his cue stick. He played the cue ball off the cushion behind the

eight ball. The cue ball caromed off the cushion perfectly, struck the eight ball from behind, and knocked it cross corner into the center of the pocket. With the score at seven to five, Boston Shorty won the next game and advanced into the finals with Richie Ambrose, both undefeated.

Richie Ambrose grew up in the Bronx, and for years he was known as "Richie from the Bronx." Young, a clean face topped with slick black hair, Richie might be from anywhere until he opens his mouth. A few years ago, he won a lot of money gambling on his pool ability in Detroit, and wisely took the money he had won and bought a pool room in the Motor City. His wife, short and blond and looking like Baby Doll from the 50s' movie, spends most of her time around the pool tournament saying nothing and painting her fingernails.

Right before the finals of the winners' side were announced by Paulie Jansco to the several hundred people watching from the

stands, Richie Ambrose turned to Boston Shorty and said, "Shorty, you know, I've never won a championship." Boston Shorty, very quietly, said, "Alright, Richie. What do you want to do?" In other words, I will lose to you if the price is right. Richie Ambrose just laughed. Maybe Boston Shorty was kidding. "I'm in this for the money," he said, "and I ain't ever going to dump anybody, but the hell with the glory."

The match was tied at seven games each. Richie Ambrose had all his solid balls—the one through seven—pocketed, and needed only to sink the eight-ball to win. Boston Shorty was shooting. He stroked the cue ball towards the 13 ball on the rail, a soft and delicate shot. The cue ball never got there. It rolled off and hit the 14 ball. Richie Ambrose was left with a shot, a tough shot, but a shot. With the 11 ball blocking the pocket, he had to make an extreme cut shot and cozy the eight past the 11. He made the shot and won the match.

Minutes later Richie Ambrose and his friends were standing around the trophy table by the front door to the tournament room. "Dat trophy sure look nice, don't it? Look real nice on the wall in my room back home, huh? I might win da whole ting. Dem two trophies [eight-ball division and championship] look pretty good back home, huh?" Meanwhile in the back room, Boston Shorty was sitting in a chair, his head down. "All night it rolls in, and then for me the damned thing rolls out. Them tables is damned pieces of crap." A woman came by and patted Boston Shorty on the shoulder. "That's alright, baby, that's alright."

Half an hour later Boston Shorty beat Lou Butera to clinch the second spot. And half an hour after that, Boston Shorty, as winner of the losers' bracket, was back playing Richie Ambrose. Richie took a two-game lead in the first match, but he never saw daylight after that. Shorty beat him two sessions in a row, and Richie was forced to wait for another year to see how a

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SHORTY

CONTINUED

trophy looked on the wall back home in Detroit.

Tall and lean Norman Hitchcock took the nine-ball title. He never lost a session to anybody. Once he was behind, six games to two, but he won nine straight games to win that session. Hollow-cheeked and taciturn, Norman, out of Oklahoma City, looked as though he were perpetually sucking on a lemon.

Johnny Ervalino has a hoarse voice, comes originally from Queens, New York, deals black-jack at Caesar's Palace, and beat everyone playing one-pocket. He was excited all through the tourna-

PHOTO CREDITS

American Airlines—42. Martin Blumenthal—45 (right). Rich Clarkson—76 (left, left center, right). Malcolm Emmons—52, 60 (left), 61 (left). Kevin Fitzgerald—8 (2), 76 (background). L&M Championship Racing—30. James Morgan—90. Bob Peterson—62. Ken Regan—76 (right center). Tony Tomsic—38, 41. UPI—6, 10 (left, right), 14, 16, 44, 45 (left), 47, 55, 66. Jerry Wachter—60 (center, right), 61 (center, right), 63. Wide World—10 (center), 22 (center), 86.



ANSWERS

From page 22

1 a. 2 c. 3 b. 4 a. 5 True. 6 b. 7 b. 8 a. 9 c. 10 b. 11 a. 12 c. 13 c. 14 Erving—Massachusetts; Issel—Kentucky; Brown—Dayton; Keller—Purdue. 15 c. 16 a.

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ment, but not about pool, about a horse named Sham. He was touting Sham to knock off another horse named Secretariat.

On the last day of the Stardust Open, Boston Shorty, the eight-ball champion; Norman Hitchcock, the nine-ball champion; and Johnny Ervalino, the one-pocket champion, played a three-way round-robin for the title. Boston Shorty won the whole thing. The eight-ball trophy was his, the Stardust Open Championship was his, and he became the first player since the late Harold Worst to win consecutive big-tournament victories. He had won the Johnston City Championship, and now he had won the Stardust Open—two major titles in a row.

After it was all over, after the backslapping and the handshakes and the congratulations and the photographs, Boston Shorty rested in the dark and quiet of the Jockey Club Bar. "I was lucky," he said. "You got to play good and you got to play lucky. Now I don't even know what I'm going to do with these trophies. I sure don't want to lug them all over the West. Maybe Paulie can send them home for me. My mother will sure be glad to get the money. She don't know. She thinks it's a regular thing. She thinks everyone wins pool tournaments. And maybe I'll have enough left over to buy me a little car. I could sure use one. I'm supposed to play someone some billiards in L.A. Know how long it's been since I hit a billiard ball? It's been so long I don't even know myself."

Bobbing across the Stardust Casino floor came Billy Ross. "Hey, ain't that something. How about Shorty? Win the whole thing. Guess he won't be driving that cab for a while. You know, I been on the pump, building up that bank-roll. I been doing alright. Got this system to beat the dice. Listen, I just spotted somebody I got to talk to. Talk to you a little later." And Billy Ross strutted away into the crowd of people that were still swarming in the Casino at three in the morning.

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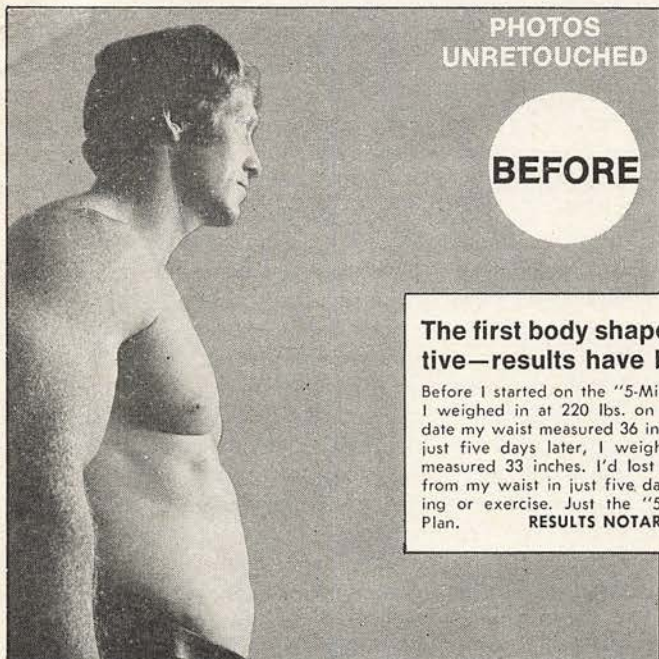
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Weight 220
Waist 36"**

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**Nov. 5th
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TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS!

IS SPORTS NEWS—OR SIMPLY ENTERTAINMENT?

One of the sillier investigations now in progress is one being conducted by the Federal Communications Corporation to determine whether sports broadcasting should be classified as news or as entertainment. The silly part is the assumption that news and entertainment must be mutually exclusive.

Our point of view is that news—when presented well—is entertainment. Our definition of entertainment is something that arouses an emotional response in a reader, or a viewer, something that makes him laugh, or cry, or happy, or angry. This is what we attempt to do in SPORT, and this is what we feel sports on television should be: News presented in a manner that entertains.

The problem on television too often has been that the TV people forget they are presenting news.

The classic example of this problem was the coverage of the 1972 Olympics—both winter and summer, which means that NBC and ABC share the guilt. Both networks, operating on different continents, were faced by the fact that many important events could not be carried live, because they took place at an hour when the Games could not be shown in the United States. As a result, the networks had to present taped coverage of the events.

Both networks chose to inject false drama into their coverage. They acted as though the events had not yet taken place, as though the results were unknown. Sometimes, to heighten the false drama, they held back until the end of a telecast events of special interest. (The reason was not only to heighten false drama, of course; it was to heighten ratings, too.)

The women's speed skating in Sapporo, the U.S.-U.S.S.R. basketball game in Munich came to mind immediately. They were both highly dramatic events, events of great interest, events that were presented on tape. Anyone who could tune in a radio already knew what happened—unless he was going along with the TV game and didn't want to know what had happened. Presenting these events as if the outcome were unknown may be good theater—though we doubt that—but it is definitely bad journalism.

When the summer Olympics were shattered by the Arab attack, when the ABC broadcasters reacted to a situation

in which they really didn't know what was going to happen—that was, for the most part, good journalism. It highlighted the absurdity of presenting false drama, of considering sports coverage pure entertainment, not news.

There was no logical reason why the broadcasters—both NBC and ABC—could not have told the viewers that they were about to witness an event that had already been played, that the outcome had been such-and-such, and that, even knowing the outcome, the event was still worth watching. We don't think that would have frightened viewers away; in the case of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. basketball game, the knowledge that such an incredible ending was coming might have gripped the viewers.

Our feeling, quite simply, is that sports coverage on television doesn't measure up to the quality of the events covered. Technically, sports programming seems to get better and better—more and more relays, more slow-motion, more imaginative angles. But the reportage hasn't kept pace. There is still too-much gee whiz, too much in-expert expert analysis, too much meaningless chatter, too little examination of the athletes as individuals. And, of course, there is the problem that has brought the FCC into the act: The control that teams and league and events exercise over their own coverage.

Television sports is censored coverage of sports—censored by this incestuous control, both implicit and explicit. At the Masters golf tournament, for instance, CBS is not allowed to talk about prize money because the people who run the Masters feel that any discussion of money is beneath the dignity of the event. That's ridiculous. Golf is the one sport where each participant is measured, during the season and at the end, by the precise amount of money he's earned.

The policy of teams and leagues dictating broadcasters for baseball and football games is a similarly frustrating practice that the FCC will examine.

Television is still a relatively young business, and newspapers and magazines went through many long years before their treatment of sports began to grow up. TV, in fact, forced the printed media to mature; it'll probably catch up itself.

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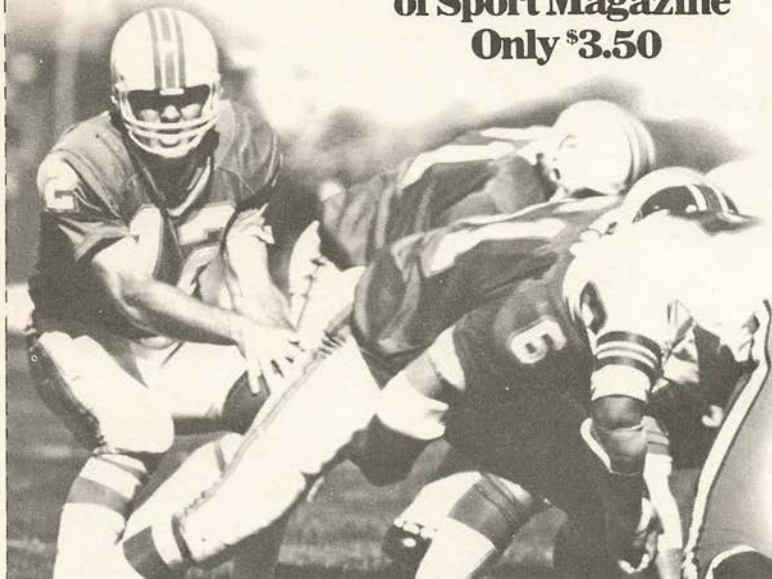
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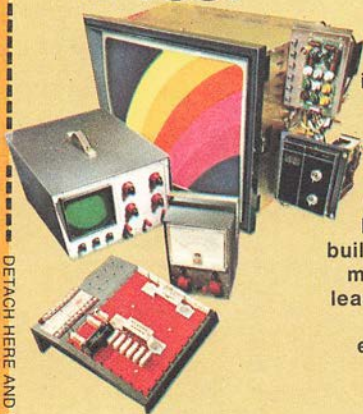
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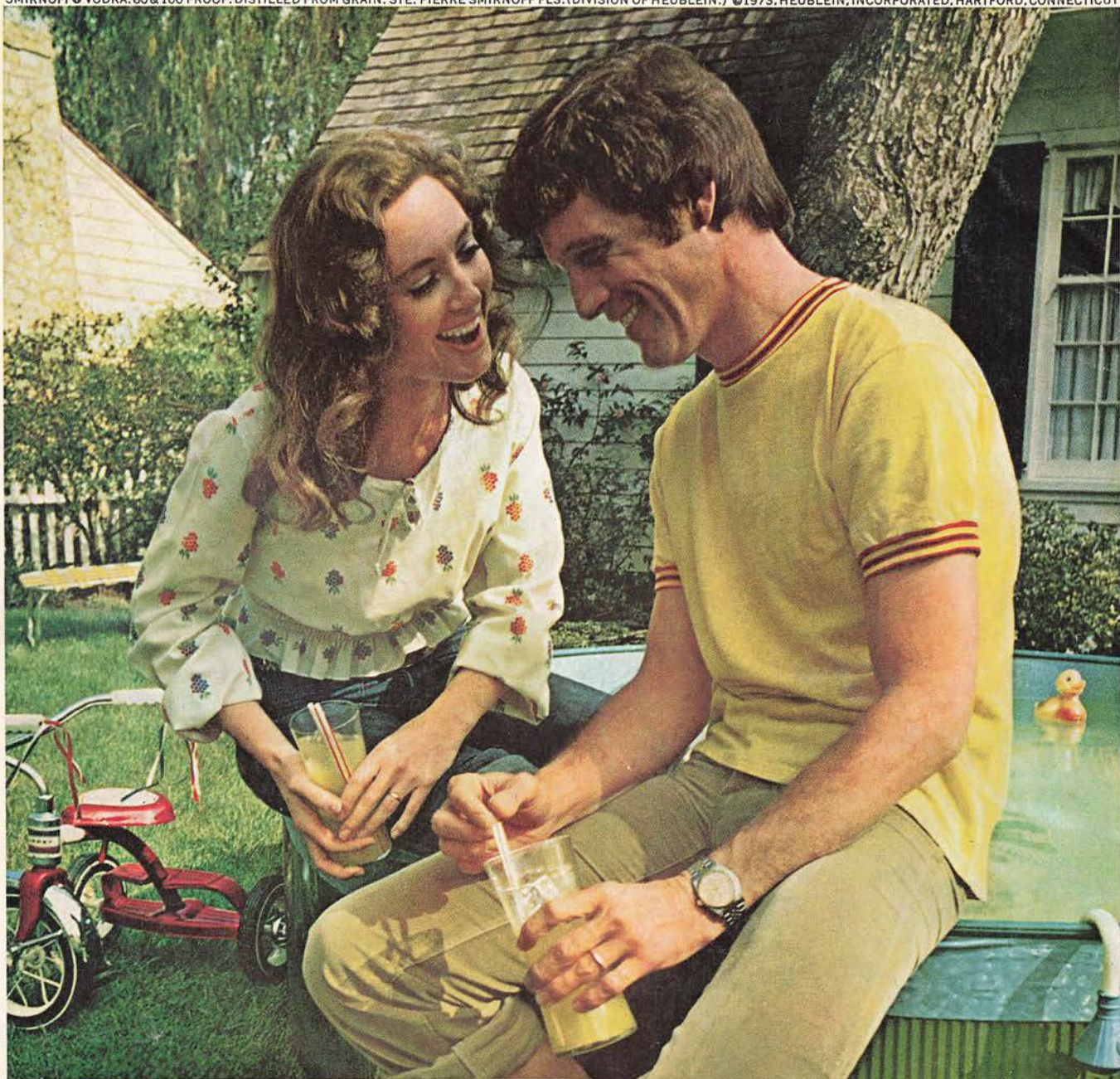
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